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GOODWILL MUSIC

A Collection of Hymns and Tunes

TOGETHER WITH A NUMBER OF ALTERNATIVE TUNES TO HYMNS
ALREADY CONTAINED IN "HYMNS ANCIENT AND MODERN"
REPRINTED, FOR THE MOST PART, FROM "GOODWILL"

EDITED BY
FRANCIS BURGESS

LONDON
S. C. BROWN, LANGHAM & COMPANY, LTD.
47 GREAT RUSSELL STREET, W.C.
1904

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PREFACE

THIS little collection of hymns and tunes is published in response to many requests which have been received at various times by the editors of "Goodwill," that the music appearing month by month in that magazine should be available for use in some more permanent form. It is not put forward as a substitute for any other hymn-book, but rather as an appendix to meet special requirements. Many of the hymns and tunes in this collection have already stood the test of actual use in one church or another.

The Editor has to express his indebtedness to the various authors and composers who have kindly allowed their works to be included in this collection.

Thanks are also due to Messrs. Novello & Co., Ltd., for permission to include the Post-Communion on page 34; to Messrs. Burns & Oates, who kindly allow the words of the hymns on pages 6 and 29 to be reprinted; to the Vincent Music Co., Ltd., for leave to include the Hymn of Thanksgiving on page 53; and to Messrs. A. R. Mowbray & Co., Ltd., for the hymns on pages 20 and 58.

Should any copyright have been inadvertently infringed, it is hoped that such an unintentional mistake may be excused, and that attention may be drawn to the oversight, so that it may be remedied in any future edition.

FRANCIS BURGESS.

CHURCH HOUSE,
WESTMINSTER, S.W.
Michaelmas, 1904

Reprints of many of the hymns in this collection may be obtained for the use of choirs and congregations. Terms can be had on application to the publishers.

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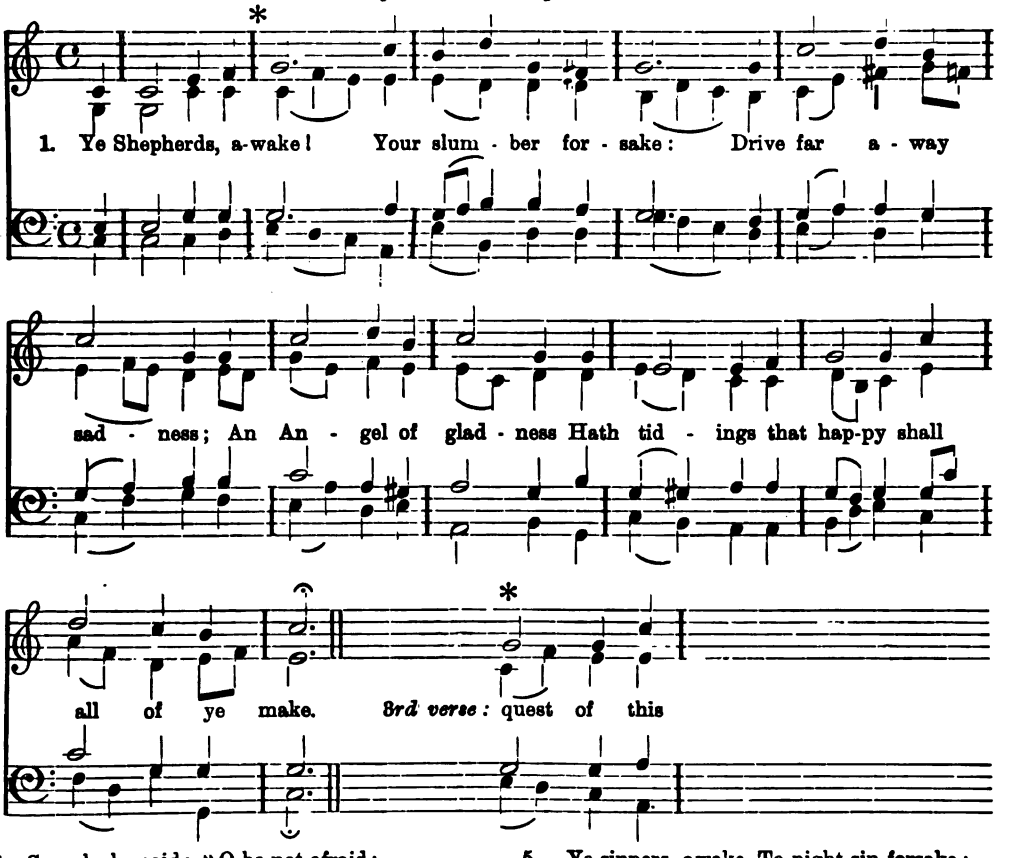
Ye Shepherds, Awake!

(*"Ihr Hirten, erwacht." From the "Trier Gesangbuch."*)

Words translated and melody harmonized by the Rev. G. R. Woodward, M.A.



2. The Seraph, he said: "O be not afraid;
No message of sorrow I bring you this morrow;
The Day-spring doth visit this valley of shade.

3. "Go, hasten in quest Of this Baby so blest;
The Glory of heaven, To you He is given,
Who cometh to make you of heaven possest.

4. "At Bethlehem free, That little citee,
Behold ye the token, As I you have spoken,
The long-promised Word of the Father is He."

5. Ye sinners, awake, To-night sin forsake;
Christ Jesus, our treasure, Brings peace without measure,
The Saviour, the fetters of sin who shall break.

6. This merry Yule-tide Set sorrow aside,
And lift up your voices: The world it rejoices
The Bethlehem Infant to praise far and wide.

7. Haste, Christians, away, Your vows for to pay;
Haste, sinners or holy, To Jesus so lowly;
Old, young, men and maidens, extol Him to-day.

The Hallowed Manger.

(A Christmas Carol.)

PC
1246

Composed by THOMAS ADAMS.
Organist and Director of the Choir at St. Alban's, Holborn

M. ♩. = 54.
Dolce e devoto.

1. In the hal - low'd man - ger Sleeps the Ho - ly Child,

cres. poco a poco.

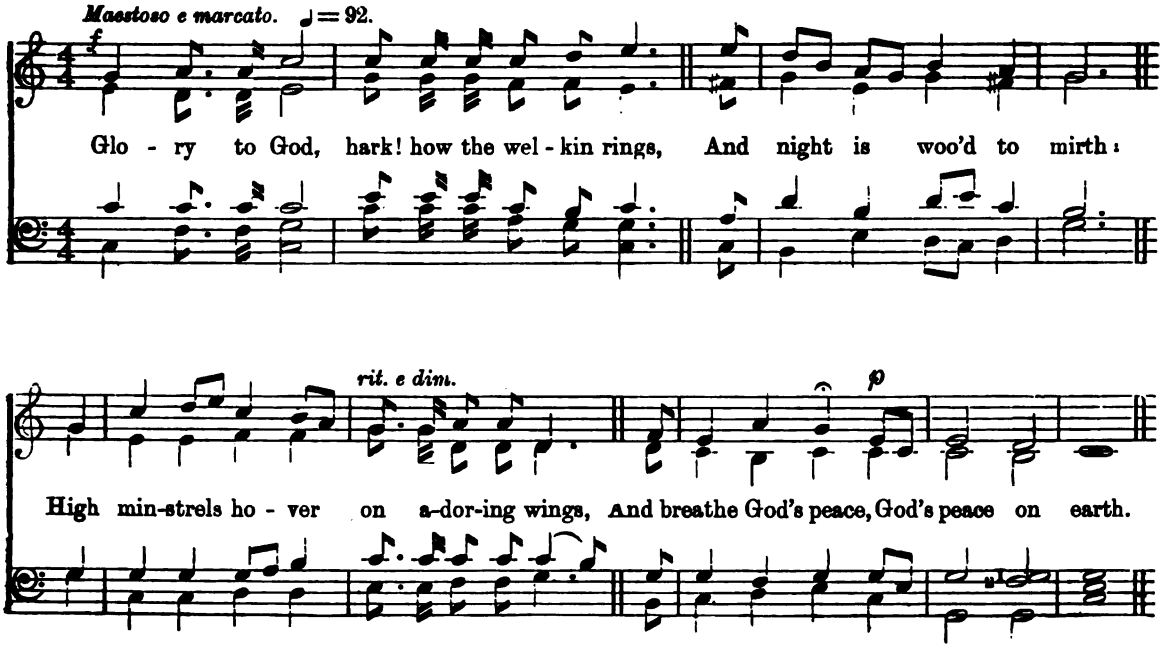
Love and light shine from Him, Though the win - ter's wild:....

Earth-storms yet may ga - - ther, Loom - ing large and loud,.....

cres. *f*

Time has touch'd th' E - ter - nal, Light is in the cloud.

THE HALLOWED MANGER.



2.

At the hallowed Manger,
Bowed in faith before
Love's divinest vision,
Simple swains adore:
Still true hearts discover
That entrancing sight,
Still the Babe of Bethlehem
Leads pure souls to light.
Glory to God, hark! &c.

3.

At the hallowed Manger,
In our Babe's pure birth,
Wistful hope is finding
Sanctity for earth:
For the light that reddened
Once that midnight sky,
Flames where still that Child heart
Saves humanity.
Glory to God, hark! &c.

"ALONG A DESERT WAY."

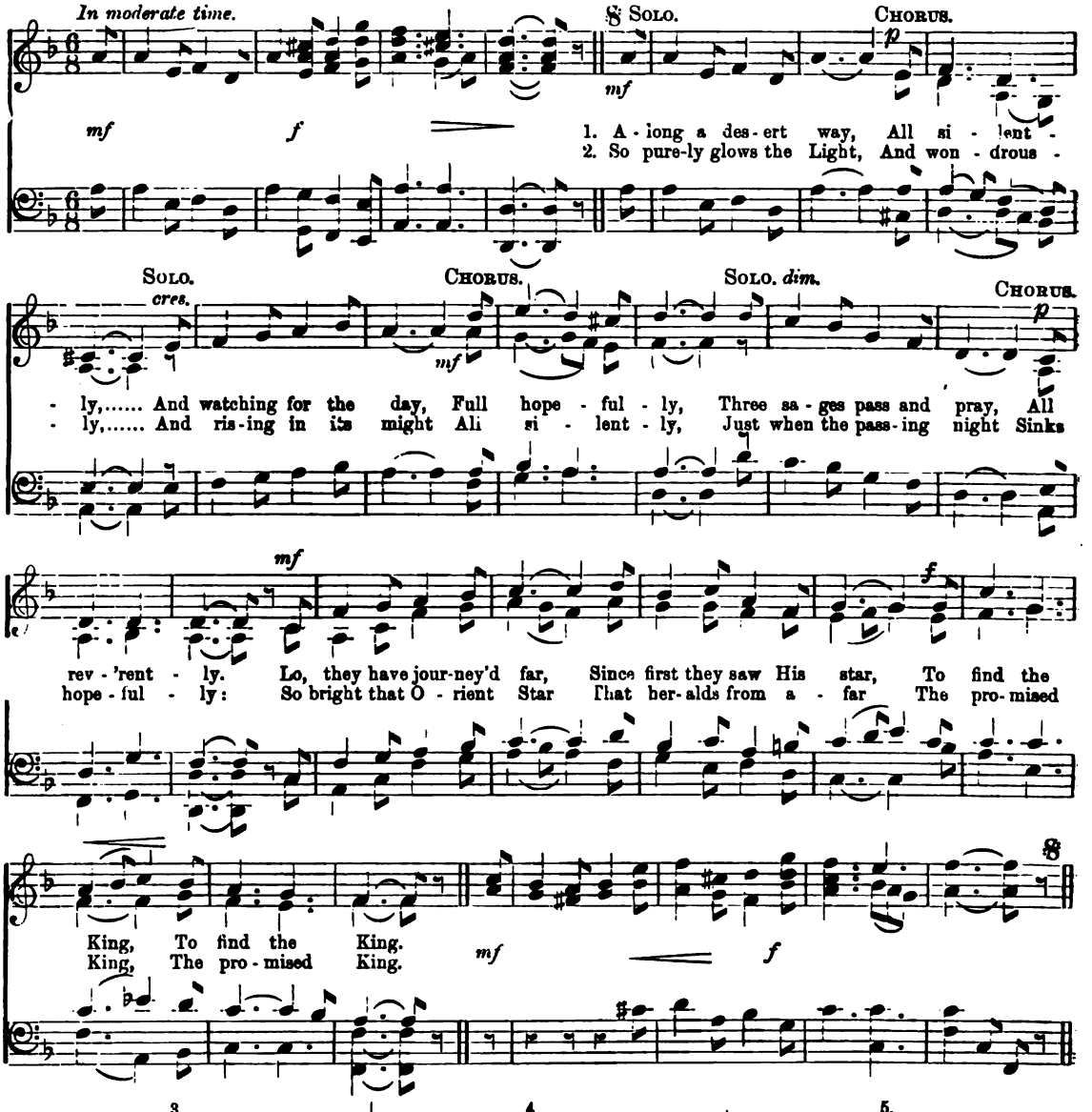
Christmas Carol.

"See how the Magi, toil and danger scorning,
Come from afar, the new-born King to greet;
And with great joy, on that first Christmas morning,
Offer their choicest treasures at His feet.

So grant us, Lord, that we our homage paying
This holy morn to Thee our infant King,
With earnest love may at Thy feet be laying
Our hearts, our lives, yea, all we have to bring."—J. H. Ellis.

Rev. Jesse Brett, Colchester.

Arthur Henry Brown, Brentwood, Essex.



3.

Three kings are bearing on
Devotedly
All that their race has won,
And trustingly,
To find the promised Son,
Believingly:
And brightly beams the Star,
God's token from afar
Of Christ the King.

4.

What treasures do they bear
So lovingly!
The gifts of Faith and prayer:
And loyally
Each sage will give with care
Right royally,
While o'er them still the Star
Will witness from afar
To Christ the King.

5.

At length they may adore,
And wonderingly,
While ever more and more
And faithfully,
Each heart as ne'er before
Loves joyously:
No longer from afar
They see the Morning Star:
'Tis Christ the King.

"Hail, Lady Mary!" said Gabriel.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

And the Angel came in unto her, and said, Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women!"—S. Luke i. 28.

Selwyn Image. Arthur Henry Brown. (*Brentwood, Essex.*)

Moderately quick (♩. = 63).

S. Solo. Chorus.

1. "Hail, La - dy Ma - ry!" said Ga - bri - el; *Sing all the world, and all the world:* "God sends me now good news to tell." "And what is the news, O Ga - bri - el?"

Solo. Chorus.

* Solo. Chorus. Chorus.

"La - dy Ma - ry, God gives you grace," *Sing all the world, and all the world:* "For a Child you shall bear with - in a space, And look on God to His ve - ry Face, His ve - ry Face."

Face.....

Face.....

Dal S

2. "Nay, Gabriel, how may this thing be?"
Sing all the world, and all the world:
"Since there's never a man that knoweth me."
Said Gabriel, "Sooth, and you shall see."

*
The Lady Mary she bowed her head;
Sing all the world, and all the world:
Nor ever an answer more she said
Till all things were accomplished.

3. For the Lady Mary she bare her Son;
Sing all the world, and all the world:
When the day's full course at length was run,
God's self was born for the Little One.

*
Then the Lady Mary she wept, and spake,
Sing all the world, and all the world:
"I have borne my Child for this world's sake,
And the cruel world His life will take."

4. But the Lady Mary she laughed, and said,
Sing all the world, and all the world:
"My Child shall rise again from the dead,
The Lord of all by His great Godhead!"

*
Now, Lady Mary, we pray you say,
Sing all the world, and all the world:
Some gracious thing to your Son that day
When we, poor creatures, shall pass aw

* This note will be required in verses 2 3 and 4

Bethlehem Lullaby.

(Children's Christmas Chorus.)

Words by FABER.

Not too fast.

VOICE

1. Dear lit-tle One, how sweet Thou art, Thine eyes how bright they shine,.....

PIANO.

So bright they al - most seem to speak When Ma - ry's look meets Thine.....

2.

How faint and feeble is Thy cry,
Like plaint of harmless dove,
When Thou dost murmur in Thy sleep
Of sorrow and of love!

3.

When Mary bids Thee sleep Thou sleep'st,
Thou wakest when she calls,
Thou art content upon her lap,
Or in the rugged stalls.

4.

Simplest of Babes! with what a grace
Thou dost Thy Mother's will!
Thine infant fashions well betray
The Godhead's hidden skill.

5.

When Joseph takes Thee in his arms,
And smooths Thy little cheek,
Thou lookest up into his face
So helpless and so meek.

6.

Yes! Thou art what Thou seem'st to be,
A thing of smiles and tears;
Yet Thou art God, and heaven and earth
Adore Thee with their fears.

7.

Yes! dearest Babe! those tiny hands,
That play with Mary's hair,
The weight of all the mighty world
This very moment bear.

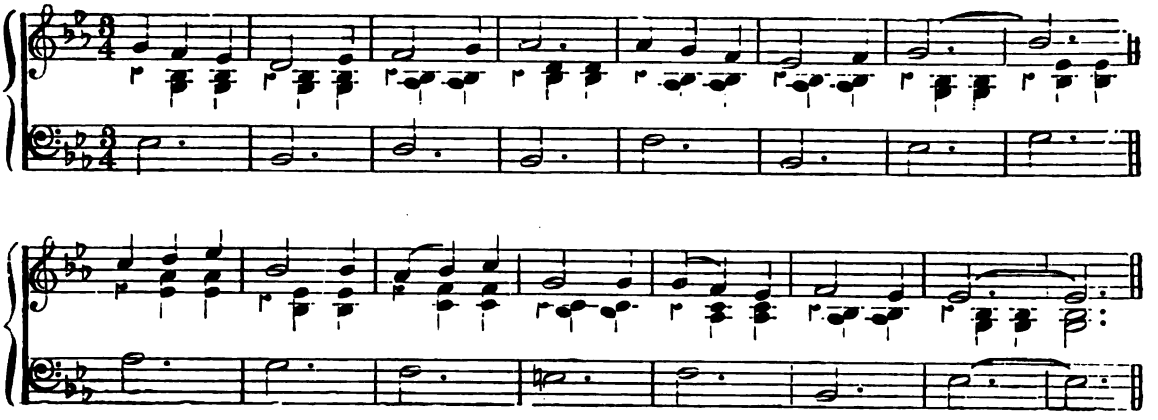
8.

Art Thou, weak Babe, my very God?
O, I must love Thee, then,
Love Thee, and learn to spread Thy love
Among forgetful men.

(By permission of Messrs Burns and Oates.)

Bethlehem Lullaby.

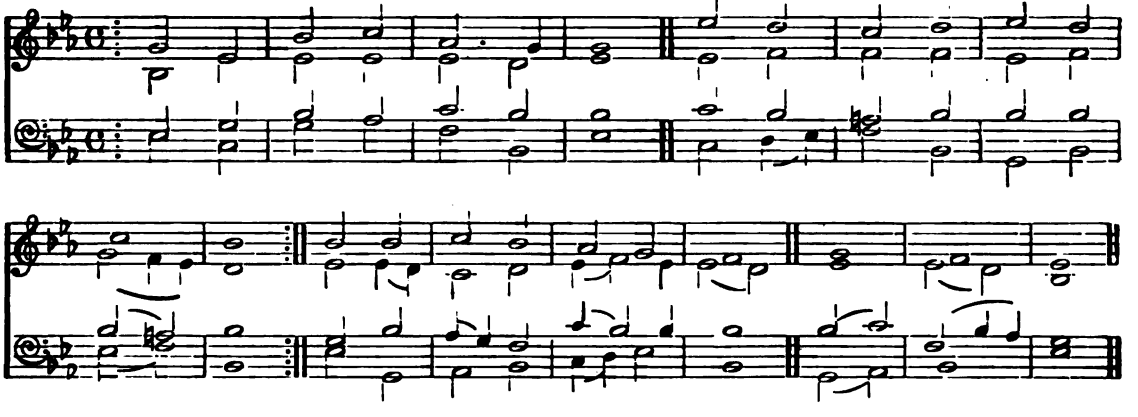
(Alternative Tune.)



Epiphany Hymn.

Words by the Rev. G. R. Woodward.

(Melody of *Morgenglanz der Ewigkeit.*)
Harmonized by Rev. G. H. Palmer.



1. Jesu, bright and Morning-Star,
   Uncreated Light of ages,
   Star of Jacob, seen afar,
   Guide our footsteps with yon Sages,
   Till we also, of thy grace,
   See thy face.

2. If the timid mariner
   Do but eye thee, Star of morrow,
   Though the winter-night be drear,
   Courage high he straight will borrow,—
   Soon will gain the port where he
   Fain would be.

3. Wonder-Star of Eastern skies,
   Grant that, at thy next appearing,
   In the body we may rise,
   Joyfully thy summons hearing,
   And to realms of endless day
   Wend our way.

Carol for New Year's Day.

From a Black Letter Collection, 1642, in the *Ashmolean Library, Oxford.*

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN. (*Brentwood, Essex.*)

Allegro Moderato (♩=116).

1. The old year now a - way is fled, The new year it is en - ter - ed; Then
2. And now with new-year's gifts each friend Un - to each o - ther they do send; God
3. And now let all the com - pa - ny In friend - ly man - ner all a - gree; For

1. let us now our sins down-tread, And joy-ful - ly all ap - pear.
2. grant we may our lives a - mend, And that the truth may ap - pear.
3. here we're welcome, all may see, Un - to this jol-ly good cheer.

1. Let's mer - ry be this ho li - day, And let us run with
2. Now, like the snake, cast off your skin Of e - vil thoughts and
3. Good for - tune to my mas - ter send, And to my dame which

1 sport and play; Hang sor-row, let's cast care a - way—God send you a happy new year!
2. wick - ed sin, And to a - mend this year be - gin— God send us a merry new year!
3. is our friend, God bless us all, and so I end— God send us a happy new year!

CHORUS.

1. Let's mer - ry be this ho - li - day, And let us run with
2. Now, like the snake, cast off your skin Of e - vil thoughts and
3. Good for - tune to my mas - ter send And to my dame which

8ves

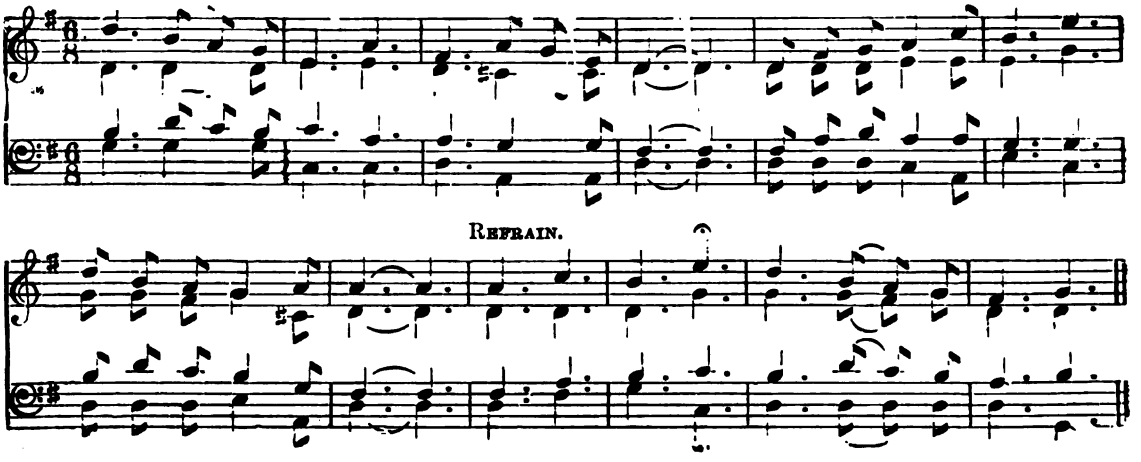
1. sport and play; Hang sor-row, let's cast care a - way— God send you a hap-py new
2. wick - ed sin, And to a - mend this year be - gin— God send us a hap py new
3. is our friend, God bless us all, and so I end— God send us a hap-py new

8ves

1. year!
2. year!
3. year!

PC 1246

Christmas Hails.



1.

Hail, Gentle Jesus,
On Mary's Breast;
Hail to you, holy Angels,
Lulling your Lord to rest.

Jesus, Jesus: Hail Gentle Jesus.

2.

Hail, Mother Mary,
Maid undefiled:
With a sweet murmur soothing
Jesus, thy Holy Child.

Jesus, &c.

3.

Hail, Son of Mary,
Verily Thou art Man:
Yet with the Father Thou wert
Long ere the Heavens began.

Jesus, &c.

4.

Hail, King of Angels,
Verily Thou art God,
Hiding Thy wondrous Glory
In this poor Flesh and Blood.

Jesus, &c.

5.

Hail, simple Shepherds,
Lying upon the cold earth,
Warmed by the breath of Angels
Singing of Jesus' Birth.

Jesus, &c.

6.

Hail, little manger,
Throne of the King of kings,
Song of thine endless glory
Through the wide Heaven rings.

Jesus, &c.

7.

Hail, Altar of Jesus,
Young men and old draw near,
See in the Mystic Presence
Bethlehem everywhere.

Jesus, &c.

8.

Hail, Body of Jesus,
That very Holy Thing
Brought by the Blessèd Spirit
To Mary wondering.

Jesus, &c.

9.

Hail, Blood of Jesus
On the rough Cross outpoured
Now at the holy Altar
Ever to be adored.

Jesus, &c.

Hymn for Lent.

"Cum sit omnis caro fœnum."

Words (attributed to St. Bernard) freely translated by the Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.
Melody from "Piæ Cantiones," 1582, harmonised by the Rev. G. H. Palmer, B.A.

Moderato

1. Of the hour that comes to se - ver Thee, O man, and earth for e - ver,
Work-ing fi - nal se - pa - ra - tion, Chang-ing kin-dred and re - la - tion

We will speak, and thou shalt learn: Hear thy doom, O man, and wa - ken;
For the ash - es and the urn:

Dust thou art, of dust wast ta - ken, And to dust shalt thou re - turn.

2.

Grace repell'd and life expended,
Harvest past and summer ended,
Whither shall the sinner turn?
Righteous meed and final sentence,
Vain resolve and late repentance,
Sadly, sadly shall discern.
Hear thy doom. O man, etc.

3.

Wherefore, man, while yet thou mayest,
If thou fastest, if thou prayest,
Earthly care and pleasure spurn:
Dreams that cannot last despising,
And with Christ at Easter rising,
Seek of heavenly joy to learn.
Hear thy doom, O man, etc.

Litany of the Passion.

Words by the late Dr. Monsell. *Music by* Rev. Hugh Lathom Croft (Assistant Priest, St. Oswald, Fulham).

With expression. *cres.* . . . . *rall.* *tempo* *rall. e. dim.*

When my feet have wandered
From the narrow way,
Out into the desert,
Gone like sheep astray,
Soiled and sore with travel
Thro' the ways of men,
All too weak to bear me
Back to Thee again—
Hear me then, my Father,
From Thy mercy-seat;
Save me by the Passion
Of the wounded Feet

When my hands unholy,
Through some sinful deed
Wrought in me, have freshly
Made my Saviour's bleed,
And I cannot lift up
Mine to Thee in prayer,
Tied, and bound, and holden
Back by my despair—
Then, my Father, loose them,
Break for me their bands;
Save me by the Passion
Of the wounded Hands.

"HE IS RISEN FROM THE DEAD."

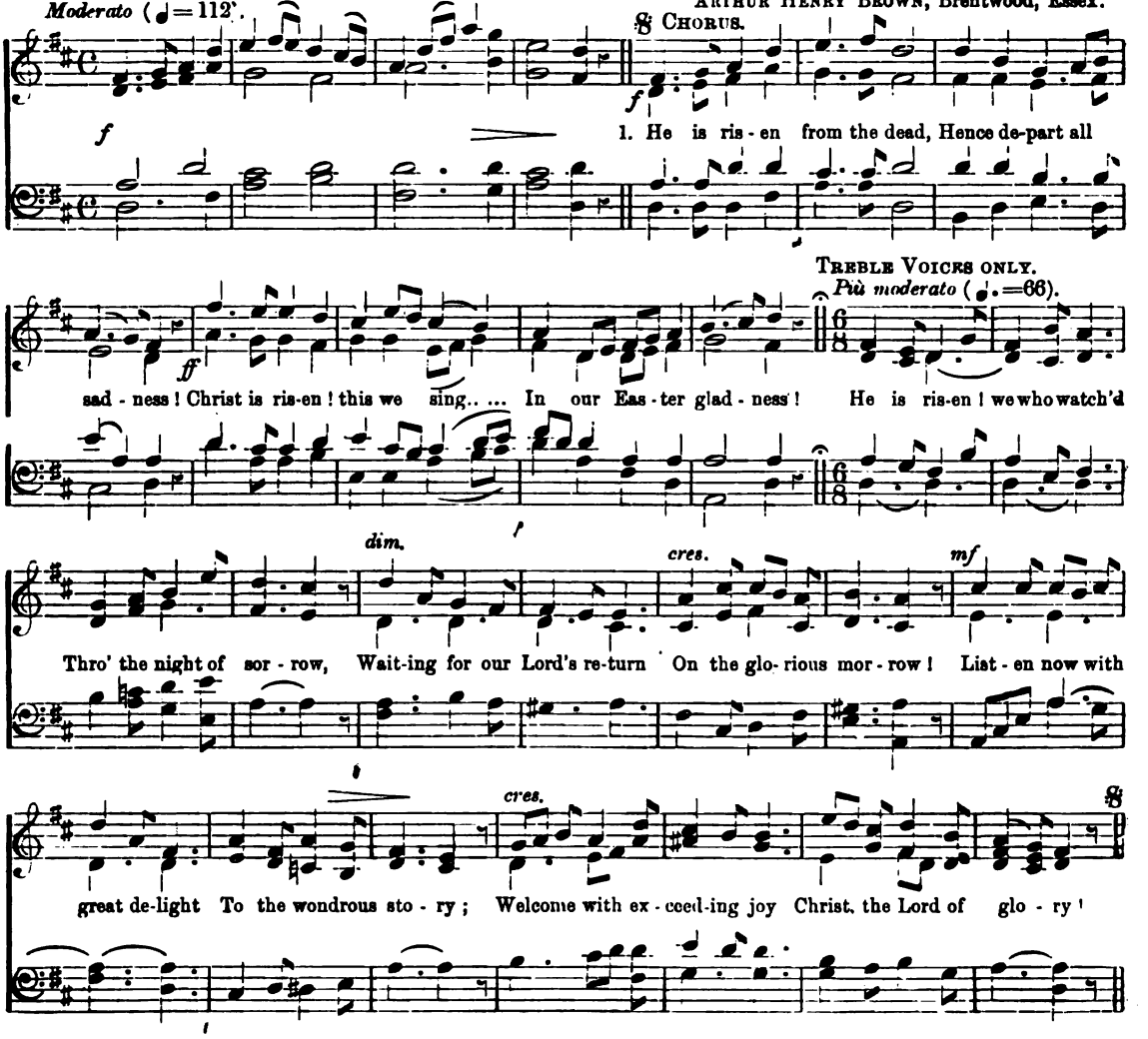
Easter Carol.

"When Thou were dead, to hellè Thou descendyd,
And fette them oute that lyen there in peyne,
For by Thy deth our mys is amendyd,
The thyrd day Thou roos to lyf agayne,
With hye tryumphe and ioye souereyne,
As Champyon of wonder hye vertue.
Honoured be Thou, blysful Lord Jhesu!

The Pylgrymage of the Soule, LYDGATE, 1413

C. F. HERNAMAN.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN, Brentwood, Essex.



2. He is risen in His might,
King of kings excelling;
All creation lifts her voice,
These glad tidings telling:
He Who lay within the grave,
And to hell descended,
Conquers death, and hath to-day
Hell's dominion ended.
He is risen! &c.

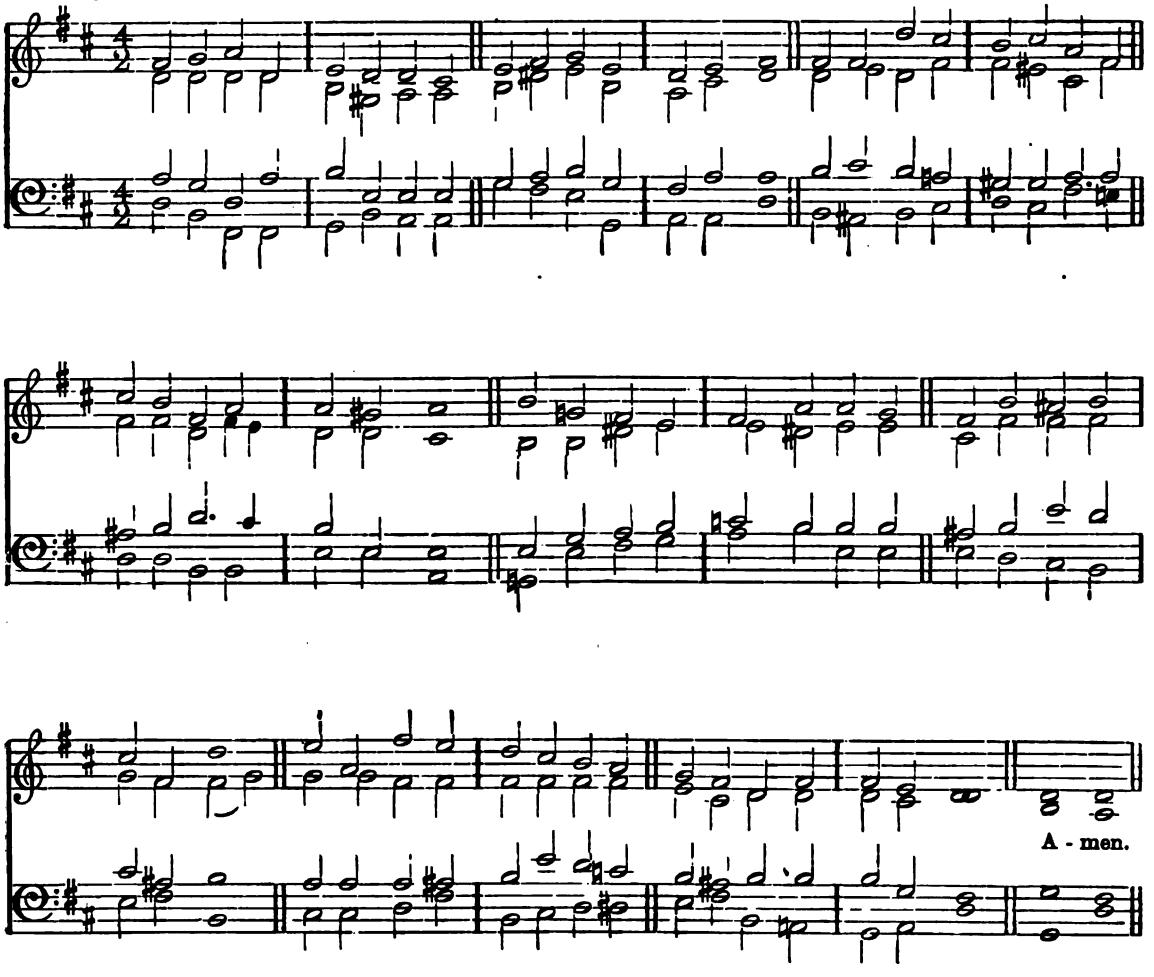
3. In our midst our Master stands,
Lifts His Hands in blessing;
Here by faith His Feet we clasp
Him as God confessing:
Then the prints of love behold,
Hands and Feet once wounded,
Head once crowned with thorns, with Light
Evermore surrounded
He is risen! &c.

4. Fear not, ye who seek the Lord!
Jesus in His beauty
Waits to welcome all who tread
Paths of loving duty.
Jesu, ever keep us safe,
Under Thy protection,
Till we see Thee Face to face
In the Resurrection.
He is risen! &c.

Easter Hymn.

Words by Frank Silvester. *Music by* Stanley Alcock.

"Lulworth."



Christ is risen, Alleluia!
He hath left His earthly grave
Glorious in His Resurrection,
Mighty both to heal and save.
O'er Him death has no dominion,
Now He has the grave's path trod:
Having paid the world's great ransom,
Now He liveth unto God.

Christ is risen, Alleluia!
Tell His victory abroad,
While with joy we keep the Feast Day
Of our ever-blessed Lord.

Therefore early to His altar
Flock we in obedience, true
To His loving last commandment:
"This in My remembrance do."

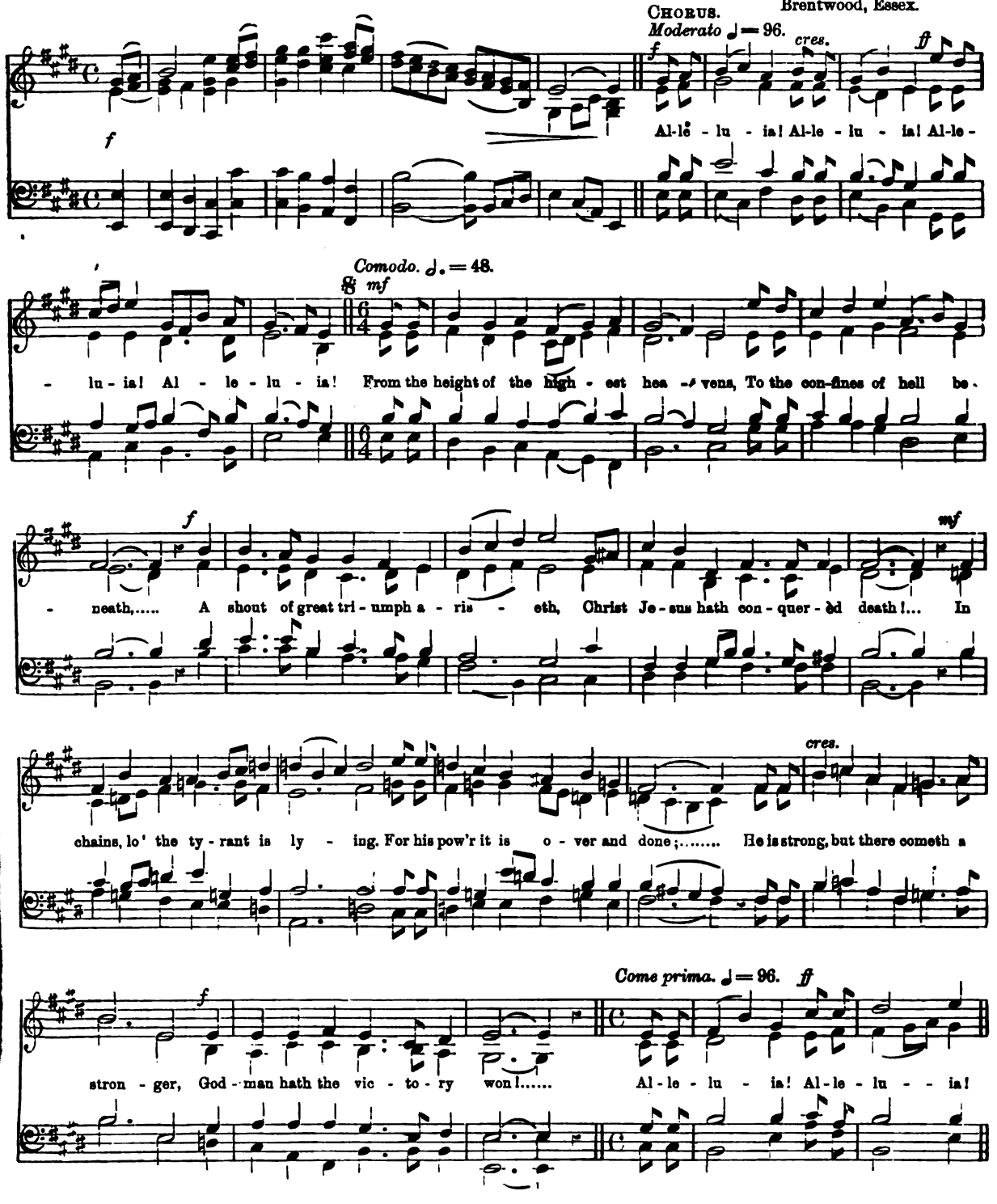
Christ is risen, Alleluia!
Taking up the joyful strain,
We shall gather strength to conquer,
And from sin to rise again;
That when comes the final summons
All our earthly ties to leave,
We may keep eternal Easter
And our crowns of life receive.

"From the height of the highest Heavens."

EASTER CAROL.

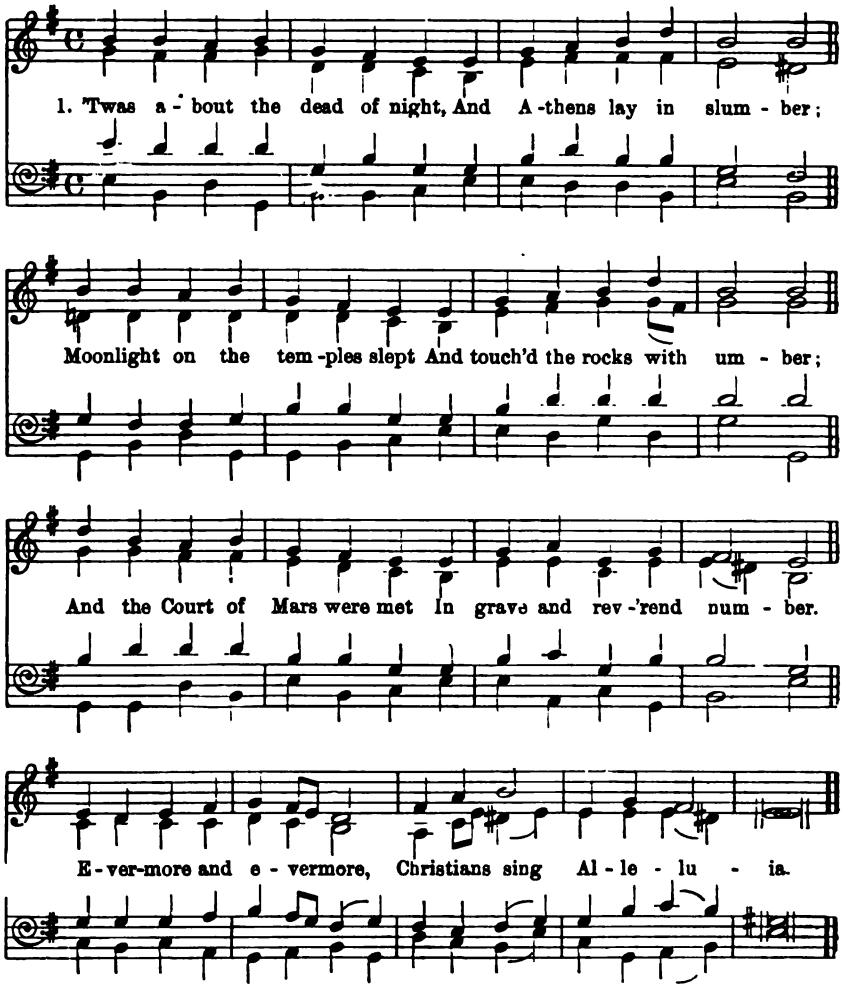
Words by C. F. Hernaman

Music by Arthur Henry Brown, Brentwood, Essex.



PC 1259

'Twas about the dead of night.



2. Met were they to hear and judge
The teaching of a stranger;
O'er the ocean he had come
Thro' want, and toil, and danger;
And he worshipped for his God
One cradled in a manger.
Evermore, &c.

3. While he spake against their gods,
And temples' vain erection,
Patiently they gave him ear,
And granted him protection;
Till with bolder voice and mien
He preached the Resurrection.
Evermore, &c.

4. Some they scoffed, and some they spake
Of blasphemy and treason;
Some replied with laughter loud,
And some replied with reason;
Others put it off until
A more convenient season.
Evermore, &c.

5. Athens heard and scorned it then,
Now Europe hath received it;
Wise men mocked and jeered it once.
Now children have believed it;
This, good Christians, was the day
That gloriously achieved it.
Evermore, &c.

"Hail! All Hail this Brightest Morning."

EASTER CAROL.

'I went with them to the House of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy day.'—PSALM xlii. 4.

S. CHILDS CLARKE.
(Thorverton Vicarage, Devon.)

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN
(Brentwood, Essex.)

mf Moderato (♩.=58).

𝄋 TREBLE VOICES ONLY.

mf

1. Hail! all hail this bright-est morn-ing! Lo, the glo-rious Eas-ter sun

cres. *f* CHORUS.

Earth with golden light a-dorn-ing, As "his course he joys to run." Na-ture, win-ter

Dal 𝄋

gloom for-sak-ing, Spring, a-new, do-min-ion tak-ing, Is.... be - gun.

After last verse (♩=58).

ff

Al-le-lu - - ia! Al-le-lu - - ia! Al-le-lu - ia!

2. Ended now the night of weeping;
Joyous in her bright array
Holy day the Church is keeping,
Dear to Christian hearts alway
Cho.—Yester eve had Jesus rested,
Ere with glory He invested
Each Lord's Day.

3. Triumph of the Victor singing,
On this "Queen of festal days"
To His courts our tribute bringing,
Carol we His worthy praise.
Cho.—Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His rock-bound prison!
Hearts upraise.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Easter Litany.

Harmonized by A. G. G.

No. 1.

No. 2.

Choir and People:
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy heavenly Throne;
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

Choir and People:
Lift we high our Easter praise,
Easter Alleluias raise,
Easter is the Day of days;
Hail! Thou risen Jesu.

Priest:
Mighty Prince! Who dost prevail,
Evil powers before Thee fail,
Living Vanquisher, all hail!
Jesu, Alleluia!

Choir and People:
Lift we high our Easter praise,
Easter Alleluias raise,
Easter is the Day of days;
Hail! Thou Risen Jesu.

Choir and People:
Breaking once and evermore
Chains of death, great Conqueror
O'er the fruit transgression bore;
Jesu, Alleluia!

Priest:
Borne triumphant from the tomb,
Past Thy Passion's deepest gloom,
How art Thou all glorious come!
Jesu, Alleluia

Choir and People:
Lift we high our Easter praise,
Easter Alleluias raise,
Easter is the Day of days;
Hail! Thou Risen Jesu.

Choir and People:
Faithful Witness, Conquering Head,
First Begotten from the dead,
Passover of Living Bread:
Jesu, Alleluia!

Priest:
Rose of Sharon, Blest Delight,
Lily of the Valleys white,
Shedding Uncreated Light;
Jesu, Alleluia!

Choir and People:
Lift we high our Easter praise,
Easter Alleluias raise,
Easter is the Day of days;
Hail! Thou Risen Jesu.

Choir and People:
Past the winter cold and drear
On the earth the flowers appear,
Time for songs of birds is here;
Jesu, Alleluia!

Priest:
Darkest day of Calvary o'er,
Easter blooms for evermore,
Sing we Him Whom saints adore;
Jesu, Alleluia!

Choir and People:
Lift we high our Easter praise,
Easter Alleluias raise.
Easter is the Day of days;
Hail! Thou Risen Jesu.

Choir and People:
Blessing! Glory! Honour! Might!
Power and Wisdom infinite!
Unto Thee by day and night!
Jesu, Alleluia!

Choir and People:
Hail to Thee in Easter praise!
Hail to Thee this Day of days!
Hail great Risen King always!
Hail! Thou Living Jesu.

God is Gone Up.

ASCENSION-TIDE CAROL.

Raise up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
And let the Prince of glorie enter in!
At whose braue voly of siderall States,
The sunne to blush and starres grow pale wear seene;
When, leaping first from earth He did begin
To climbe his angells wings. Then open hang
Your christall doores! so all the chorus sang
Of heav'nly birds, as to the starres they nimbly sprang.

GILES FLETCHER, 1589—1623

REV. S. CHILDS CLARKE.
(*Thorverton Vicarage, Devon.*)

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.
(*Brentwood, Essex.*)

With spirit and energy (♩ = 69).

ONE. *f*

VOICES AND ORGAN.

1. *f* God is gone up; Right mer-ri-ly the strain Once more we raise, to e-cho on a-gain! From year to year, roused by the Pro-phet's call,* The na-tions keep the glo-rious Fes-ti-val.

(* Psalm xlvii.)

REFRAIN.

f God is gone up;..... Hark how the song thro' Christen-dom doth ring! *ff* God is the King of all the earth, With "strain of skill" your praises sing.

cr. *f* *tr*

2. *f* God is gone up
dim. Who did to earth descend,
f Who far above all Heavens doth ascend,
That all things with His presence He may fill;
And Death and Hell lead captive at His will.
f God is gone up, &c.

3. *f* God is gone up—
He o'er the heathen reigns
Exalted now—"made perfect" by His pains:
ff The Lord is high—upon His holy seat
He sitteth—all His foes beneath His feet.
f God is gone up, &c.

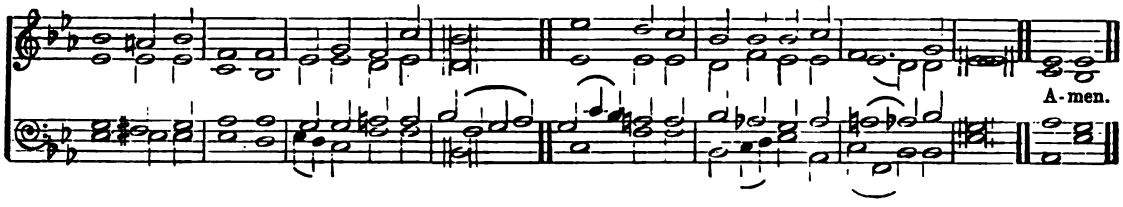
4. *f* God is gone up—
The Lord with trumpet sound—
Celestial courts in dread response resound:
mf Ere long th' Archangel's trump shall sound again
f The Judge to herald, with His Angel train.
f God is gone up, &c.

Two Hymns to the Holy Spirit.

SUITABLE FOR CATECHISM FESTIVALS.

No. 1.

Music by the REV. S. W. GOLDSMITH.



I.

BREATHE, gentle Spirit, breathe Thy Life Divine
Into this cold and dying heart of mine.

II.

Through Thy sweet influence, tender, loving, mild,
I at the Font was made the Father's child.

III.

There born anew, and made an heir of Heaven,
I would walk worthy of the call then given.

IV.

Lead, gracious Spirit, lead me lest I stray
Far from the road to Heaven—the narrow way.

V.

For those thus led by Thee, O fairest Dove,
Are called the sons of God, Eternal Love!

VI.

O holy Fire, O sanctifying Flame,
Consume all sin within, my self-will tame.

VII.

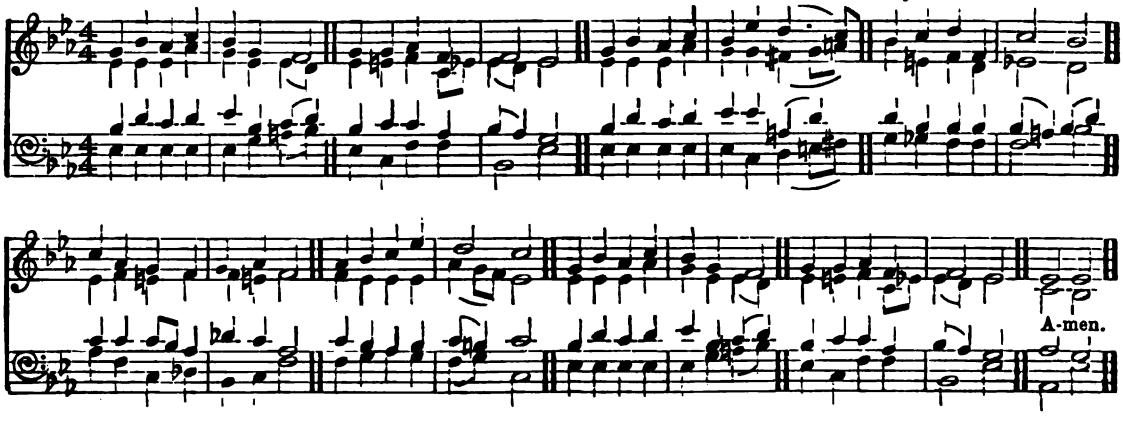
Defend me with Thy soul-sustaining power,
And give me victory in temptation's hour.

VIII.

Protect and guide me till, life's voyage o'er,
Sinless I stand upon th' eternal shore. Amen.

No. 2.

Music by FRANCIS BURGESS.



I.

Holy Spirit, Paraclete!
By this Name we know Thee:
Love of God, and Gift of God,
O what thanks we owe Thee!
Inward Unction, holy Fire,
All true hearts inflaming,
May Thy sevenfold gifts be ours,
Thus Thy work proclaiming.

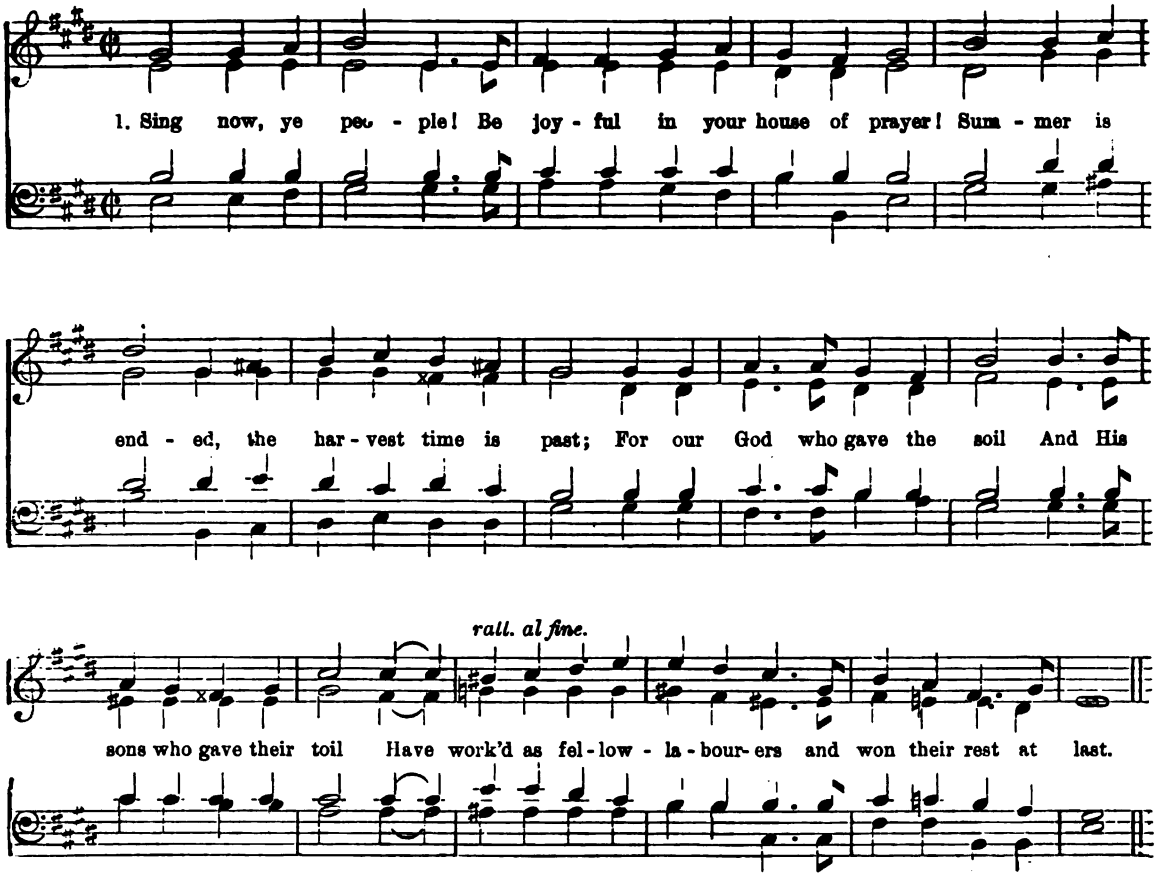
II.

Now, in this our House of Prayer,
Holy Ghost, we praise Thee;
Hymns devout, with worship due,
Ceaselessly we raise Thee.
O that Thou wouldst o'er our souls
Send Thine inspiration,
Fill them with the strength of love,
Crown them with salvation! Amen.

Harvest Hymn.

"We are labourers together with God."—1 Cor. iii., 9.

Words by the Rev. Canon RAWNSLEY. *Music by the Rev. MAURICE F. BELL.*



2.

Great is the gift of the Keeper of Earth's Granary:
Food for the millions who famish and are fed;
For the toilers in the mills
And the cattle on the hills,
And the ravens with their crying—all must look
to One for bread.

3.

Good is the will of the Spirit that is over us:
Dow'ring with glory the hands that till the earth.
But the idler may not eat,
While the Maker of our meat
Turns our brow-sweat into pearl-drops, and our
labour into mirth.

4.

Wherefore to-day in the house of prayer as conquerors—
Glad with the spoil of a warfare that was peace—
We rejoice, and pray the Lord
Send the sickle for the sword
Let the fields of hate lie barren and the seed of
battle cease

Wave the Sheaf before the Lord.

HARVEST CAROL.

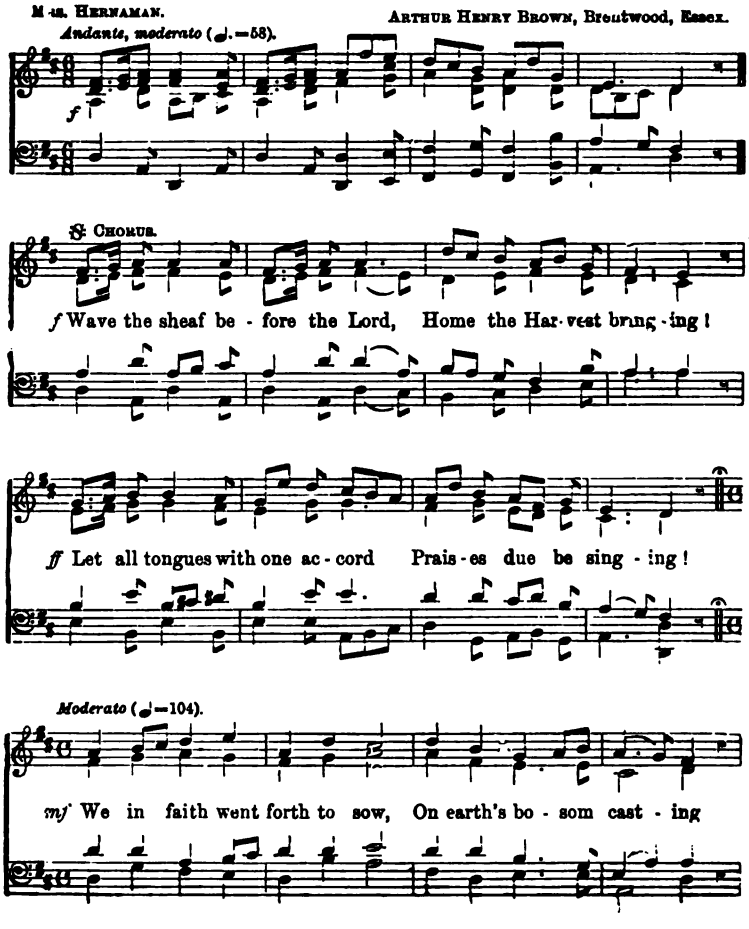
"Then came the Autumne all in yellow clad
As though he joyed in his plentious store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banisht hunger . . . .

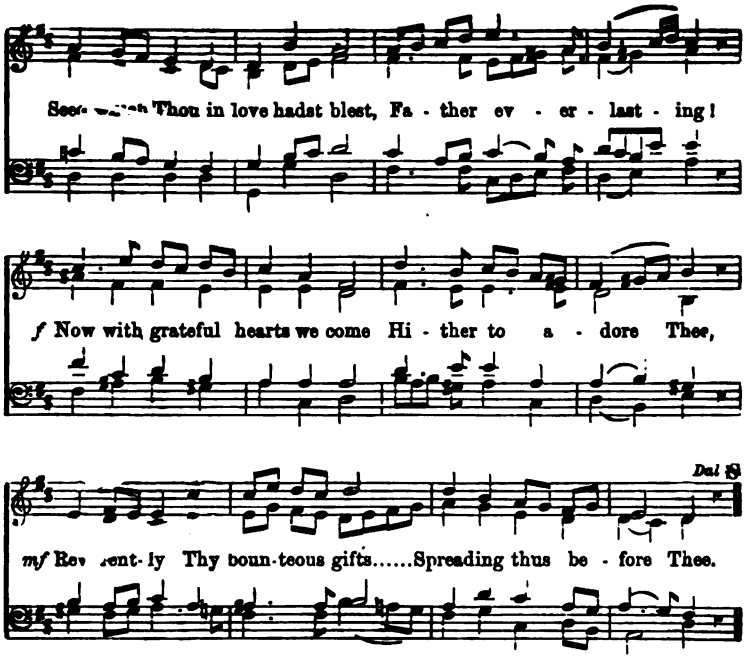
* * * * *

Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold
With eares of corne of every sort, he bore,
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
To reap the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold."

EDMUND SPENSER, 1583.

MRS. HERNAMAN. ARTHUR HENRY BROWN, Brentwood, Essex.





2.

Not for us the endless spring
  Of fair Eden's bowers:
Earth, uncultured, weeds bring forth,
  Thorns instead of flowers.
One from heaven to earth came down,
  God, yet Man, most truly,
He, a Worker, work doth bless
  Done in Him all duly.
Wave the sheaf, &c.

3.

His the fields of golden grain
  For the sickle calling;
His the clustering purple grapes
  In the wine-press falling;
His the rose and lily's bloom,
  Giving forth all sweetness;
All things lovely, all things fair,
  Found in Him completeness.
Wave the sheaf, &c.

4.

Suns must rise and suns must set;
  Longest day hath ending;
Soon shall angel-reapers come,
  Unto earth descending:
Come, to bid the weary rest;
  Come, the just to gather
To the joyous Harvest Home
  Of th' Eternal Father.
Wave the sheaf, &c.

5.

Then our harvest song shall be—
  "Worship, glory, blessing,
To our God upon His Throne,
  His great Name confessing!
Alleluia! King of Kings,
  Lord of Hosts, victorious!
One in Three, and Three in One
  Monarch ever glorious!"
Wave the sheaf, &c.

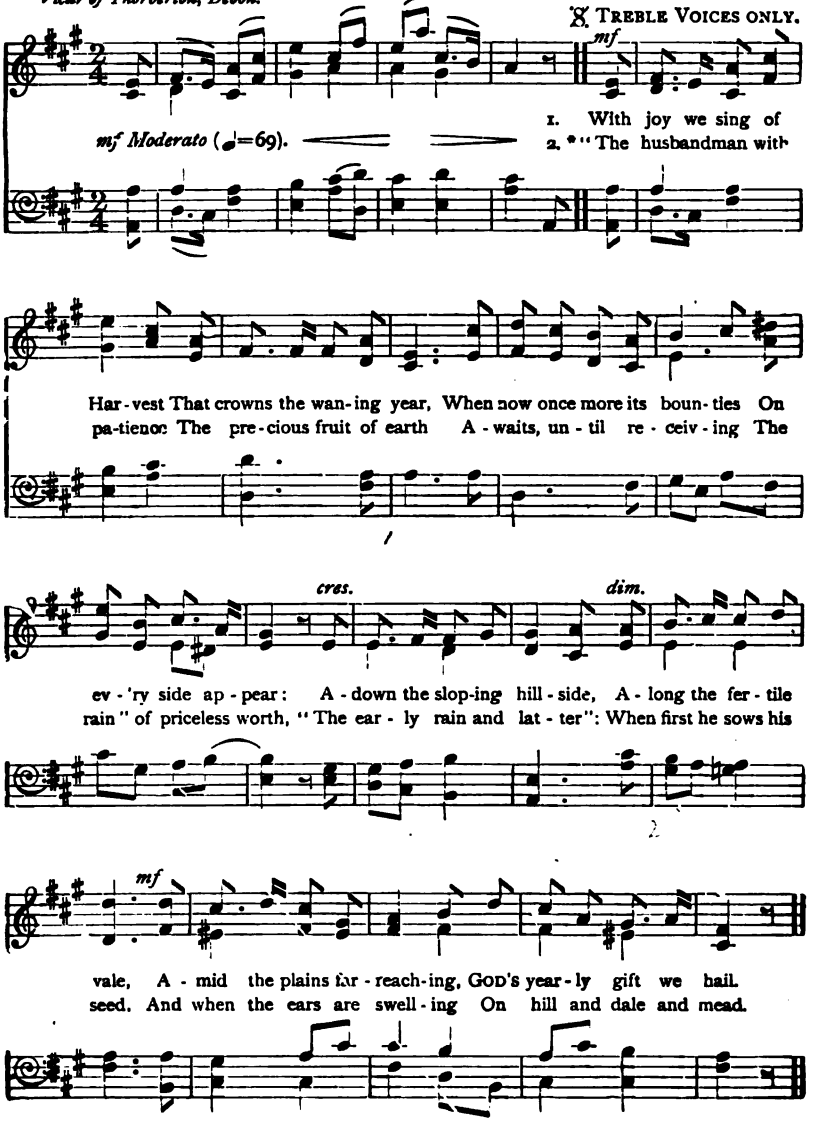
Joy in Harvest.

CAROL.

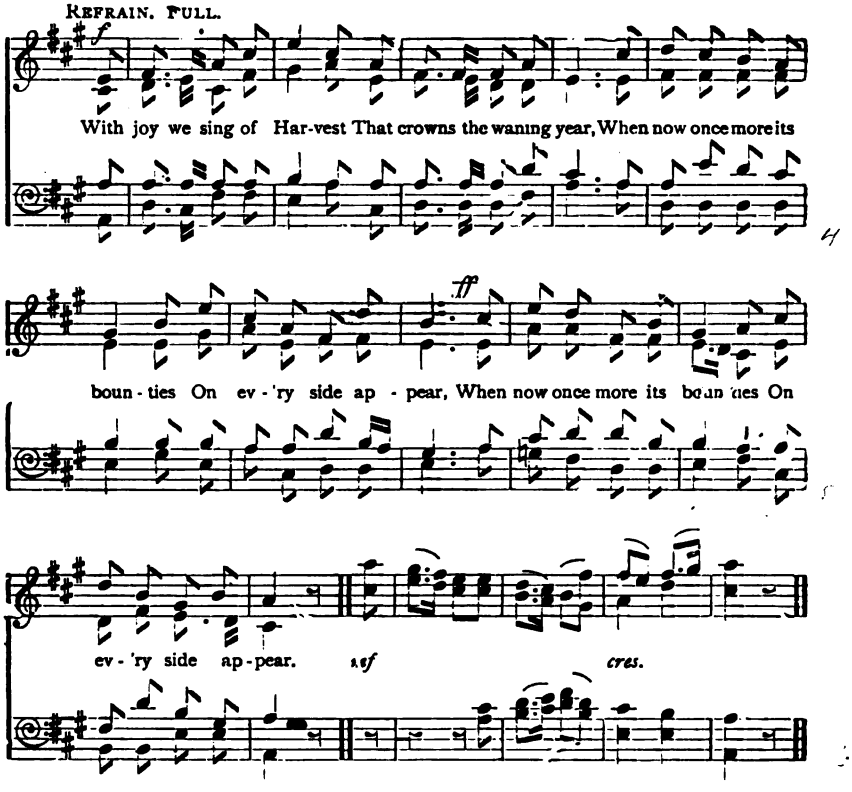
"They joy before THEE according to the joy in harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil."—ISAIAH ix. 3.

Words by S. CHILDS CLARKE.
Vicar of Thorverton, Devon.

Music by ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.
Brentwood, Essex.



* Ep. S. James v. 7.



3. Now eagerly to gather
The fruit of all their toil,
Men sally forth right early
The golden fields to spoil:
No pains or labour sparing
Their booty rich to store,
When homeward wains come laden,
When toil at last is o'er.
With joy we sing, &c.

4. Though great be men's rejoicing,
As victors, to divide
The spoil of vanquish'd foemen—
A hostile nation's pride:
Yet greater far in Harvest
Their universal joy,
The reapers' bloodless conquest
Achieved with least alloy.
With joy we sing, &c.

Come, Welcome the Harvest.

CAROL FOR HARVEST-TIDE.

"The last in-gathering of the crop
Is loaded, and they climb the top,
And there huzza with all their force."—HONE'S *Every-Day Book.*

The REV. JESSE BRETT, Colchester. ARTHUR HENRY BROWN, Brentwood, Essex.

Moderato (♩.=72).

mf 1. *mf* Come, welcome the Harvest once again; Come, gather the sheaves of golden grain: Bear them a-way all the glad day, Yours to pos-sess, many to bless; Now's the joy of labour done, Life's reward thro' effort won.

cres *poco rit.* *dim.*

REFRAIN. *Tempo.*

f *cres.* Welcome, Harvest Home! Welcome, welcome, Harvest Home! Life's reward thro' effort won,

ff welcome, Harvest Home

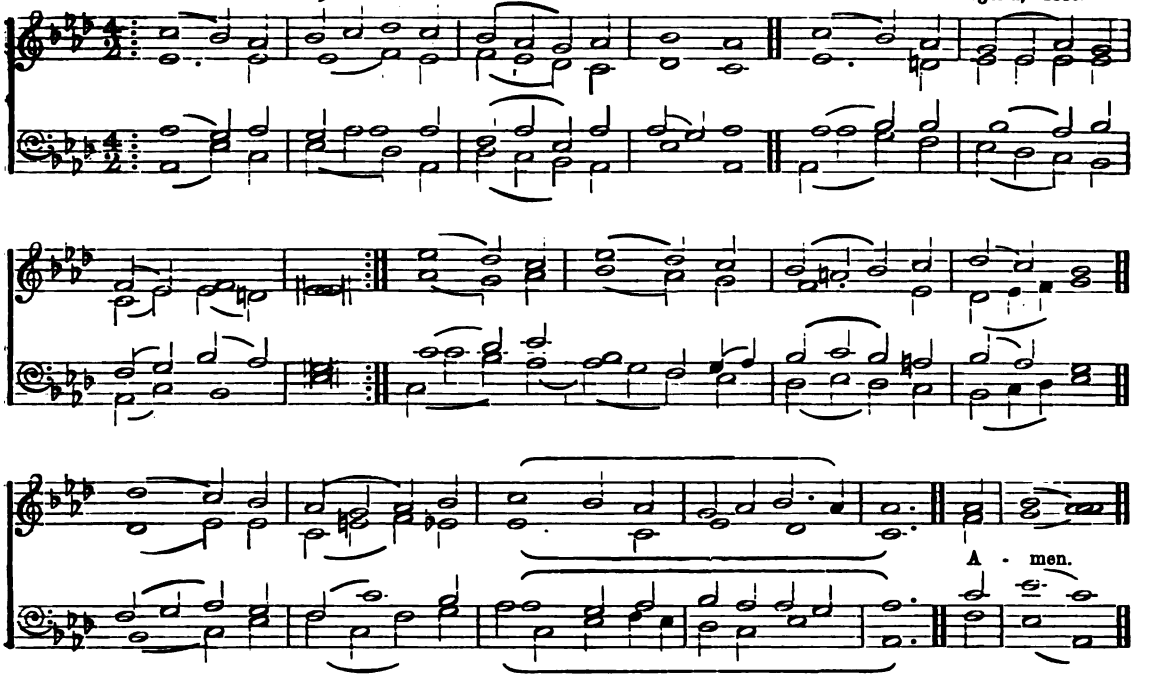
Come, welcome the Harvest once again:
Come, gather the sheaves of ripened grain:
Passing along, lightened with song.
Swiftly the days go on in praise
Toil your joy in labour done
Life's reward through effort won:
Welcome, Harvest Home!
Welcome, welcome, Harvest Home;
Life's reward through effort won—
Welcome, Harvest Home!

So welcome the Harvest when at last
You gather the sheaves of life-time past.
Sown in your tears through the long years
Rich is the gain, golden the grain.
Bright the crown of labour done,
God's reward in patience won—
For His Harvest Home!
For His own Great Harvest Home,
God's reward in patience won—
For His Harvest Home!

Processional for a Dedication Festival.

Words by the Rev. Hon. J. G. Adderley.

Melody adapted from "Urbs Cœlestis."
Hodson's "Golden Legend," 1880.



Jesus, Lord of our Salvation,
Thou hast said, Where two or three
In Thy Holy Name shall gather,
There Thy Very Self shall be.
Hear us as we humbly offer
Prayer and Praise and Thanks to Thee.

For this holy Church we praise Thee,
Earthly Scene of Heavenly Love,
Where in Sacred operation
Thy Pure Spirit, Blessèd Dove,
O'er the saints in myst'ry hovers,
Grace bestowing from above.

For the Sacred Font we praise Thee,
Laver of celestial Birth,
Where baptized in Living Water
Gifts of all-surpassing worth
Infants share as Thine own members,
And the Kingdom comes on earth.

Here in Apostolic fashion,
Following the Lord's commands,
Bishops give the Holy Spirit
By the Laying on of Hands,
And the sound of Gospel Message
Issues forth into all lands.

Sinners here in meek confession
Lay their sins at Thy dear Feet,
And with word of Absolution
God from His Eternal Seat,
Mid th' Angelic Host rejoicing,
In compassion stoops to greet.

Here before the Court of Heaven
Christian man and Christian maid
Plight their troth to one another,
And the Marriage vow is said;
In the Name of Threefold Godhead,
Who were two are one flesh made.

Here we read the Holy Scriptures,
God's inspired Eternal Word,
Prophecy and stern Commandment,
Sharper than a two-edged sword,
Psalm and Hymn and sweet Evangel,
Witnessing to Thee, the Lord.

Here around the Holy Table
Christians kneel at Thy Command,
Joined in charity receiving
Thine own Self from Thine own Hand,
And in lowliest adoration
Taste the joy Thy Love has planned.

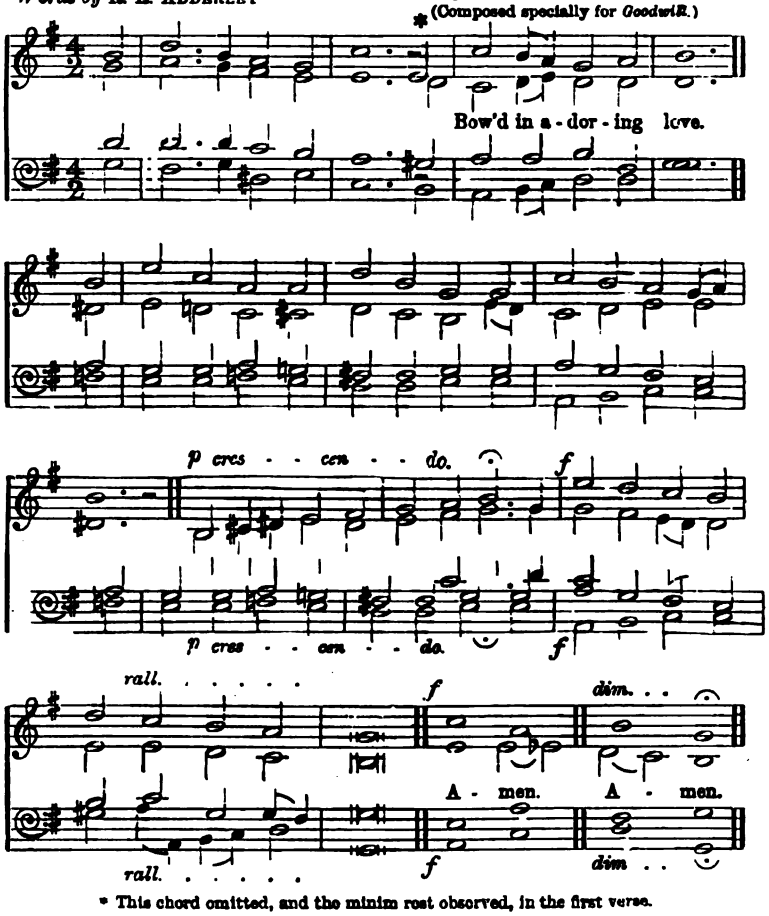
Here at Word of Consecration
Through the veil of Bread and Wine
On the faithful shines Thy Presence,
God Incarnate, Man Divine,
Recognised and loved and cherished
They by Thee and Thou by Thine.

Great God, we Lift to Thee.

EUCHARISTIC HYMN.

Words by R. E. ADDERLEY

Music by REV. JAMES BADEN POWELL.
(Composed specially for *Goodwill*.)



* This chord omitted, and the minim rest observed, in the first verse.

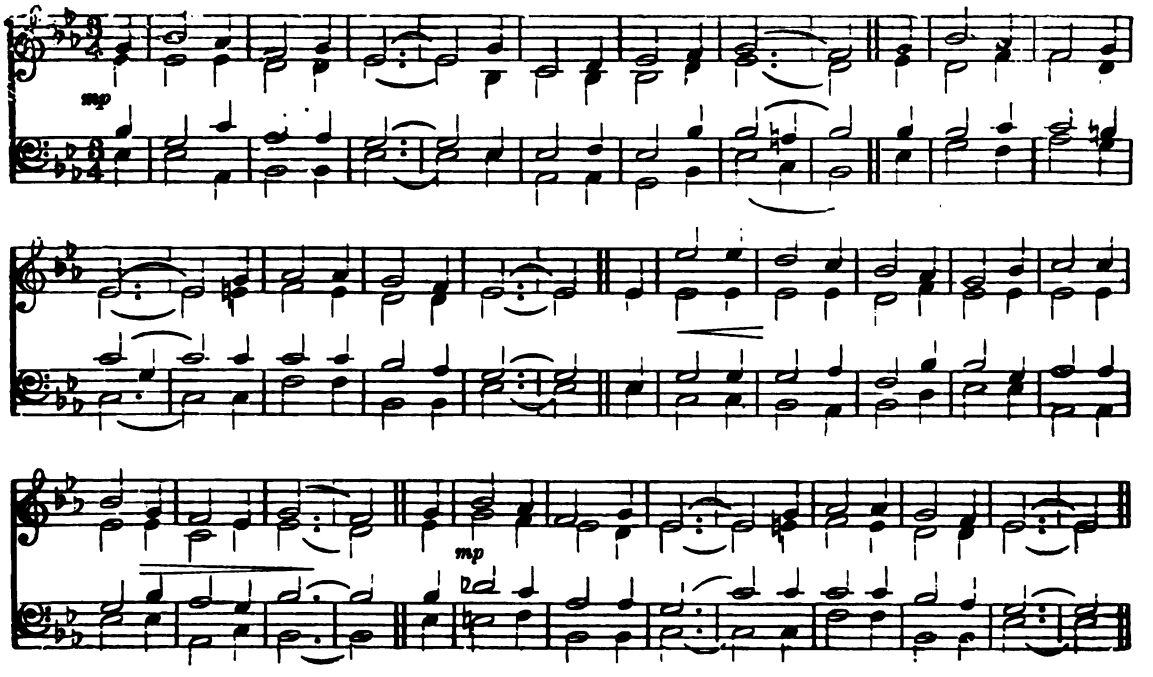
GREAT GOD, we lift to Thee,
Bowed in adoring love,
The Sacrifice of Calvary,
The Lamb of God above:
Look on the Face of Thy dear Son,
Accept us sinners now in Him alone.

Behold the Wounds that plead
Before the Throne on high:
Did ever mortal man indeed
Pierce the dread Mystery?
The Angels wonder and adore
Where He presents Himself for ever more.

And as they wondering wait
Before Thy Glory there,
Ever again in unseen state
They throng Thy Temples here,
And mark awhile on reverent wings
The mystic Presence of the King of Kings.

Behold where He draws nigh,
Thy Son, Who is in Heaven,
And shows to faith, in mystery,
The Body for us given;
For us His Blood outpoured, and heed
The Only Offering that we dare to plead. Amen.

Sweet Sacrament Divine.



1.

Sweet Sacrament Divine!
Hid in Thine earthly Home,
Lo round Thy lowly Shrine
With suppliant hearts we come.
Jesus, to Thee our voice we raise,
In songs of love and heartfelt praise,
Sweet Sacrament Divine!

2.

Sweet Sacrament of Peace!
Dear Home for every heart;
Here restless yearnings cease
And sorrows all depart;
Here in Thine ear all trustfully
We tell our tale of misery,
Sweet Sacrament of Peace!

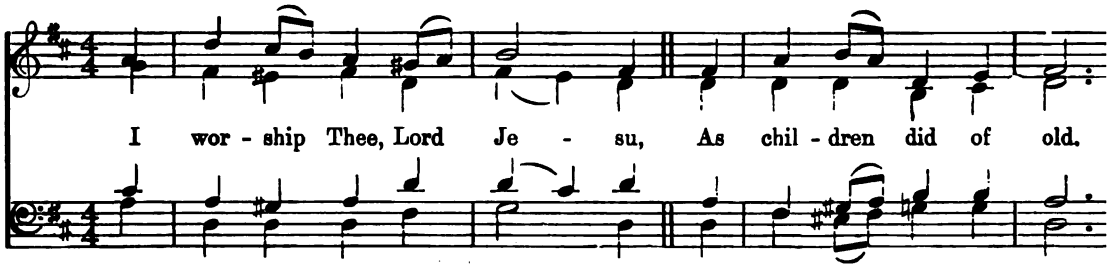
3.

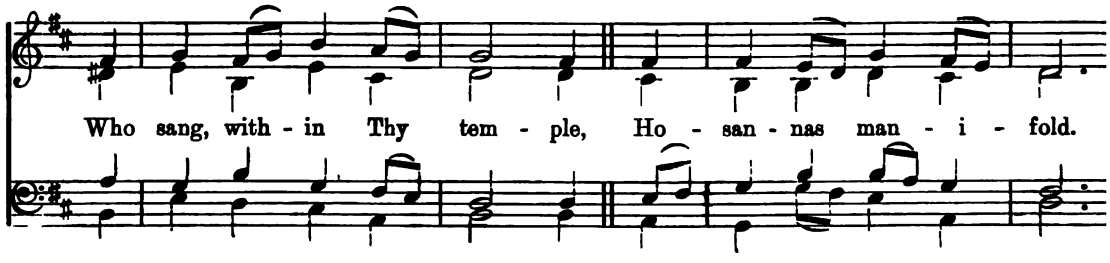
Sweet Sacrament of Rest!
Ark from the Ocean's roar,
Within Thy shelter blest
Soon may we reach the shore:
Save us, for still the tempest raves,
Save, lest we sink beneath the waves,
Sweet Sacrament of Rest

Sweet Sacrament Divine!
Earth's Light and Jubilee,
In Thy far depths doth shine
Thy Godhead's Majesty;
Sweet Light, so shine on us we pray,
That earthly joys may fad away,
Sweet Sacrament Divine. Amen.

I worship Thee.

(For a Children's Eucharist.)





2.

I worship Thee, Lord Jesu,
Who, on Thy altar laid,
In this most awful service,
Our food and drink art made.

3.

I worship Thee, Lord Jesu,
Who, in Thy love divine,
Art hiding here Thy Godhead,
In forms of bread and wine.

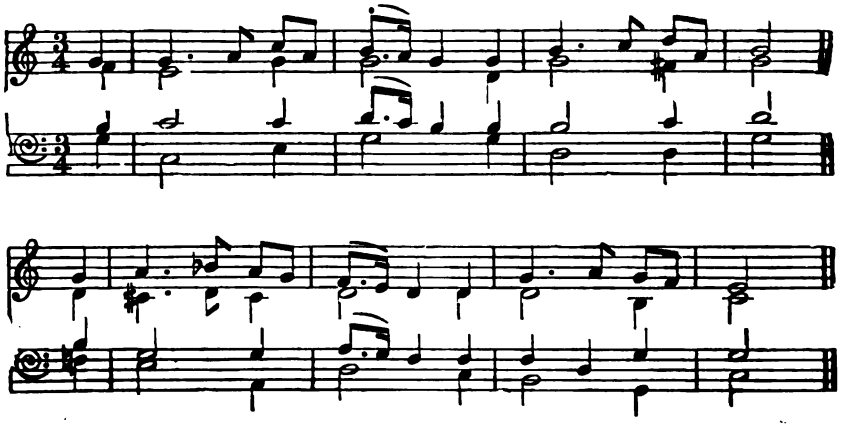
4.

I worship Thee, Lord Jesu,
And kneeling unto Thee,
As Thou didst come to Mary,
I pray Thee come to me.

5.

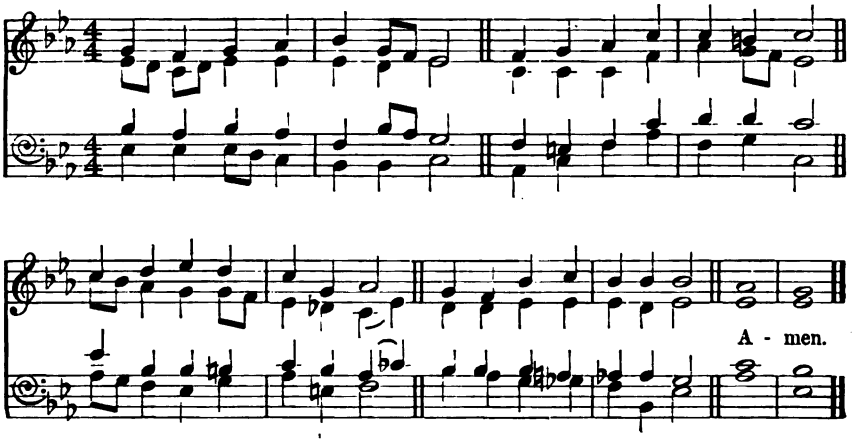
I worship Thee, Lord Jesu,
My King and Saviour mild,
Thou hast blest little children,
Bless also me, Thy child.

Another tune to the above.



Ere we leave Thine Altar.

Words by the Very Reverend T. J. Ball. Music by Francis Burgess.



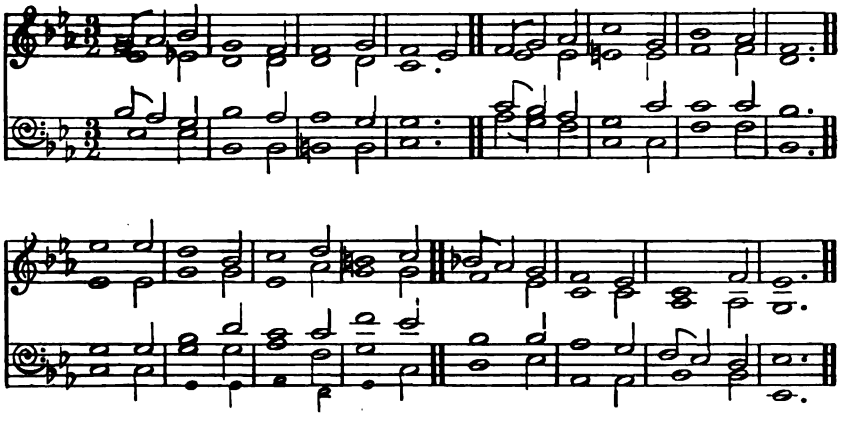
Ere we leave Thine Altar, Lord,
Where Thy Son we have adored,
Let our thanks again arise
For this Holy Sacrifice.

And if thoughts have entered in
Which have mixed our prayers with sin,
Let Thy Son's Pure Blood and grace
All the sinfulness efface.

Sweet it is to worship here!
Soon may that bright day appear
When Thy glory we shall see,
And unhindered worship Thee. Amen.

Jesu, Word of God Incarnate.

Harold Watkin.



1.

Jesu, Word of God Incarnate,
Of the Virgin Mary born,
On the Cross Thy Sacred Body
For us men with nails was torn.

2.

Cleanse us by the Blood and Water
Streaming from Thy pierced Side,
Feed us with Thy precious Body
For us sinners crucified.

3.

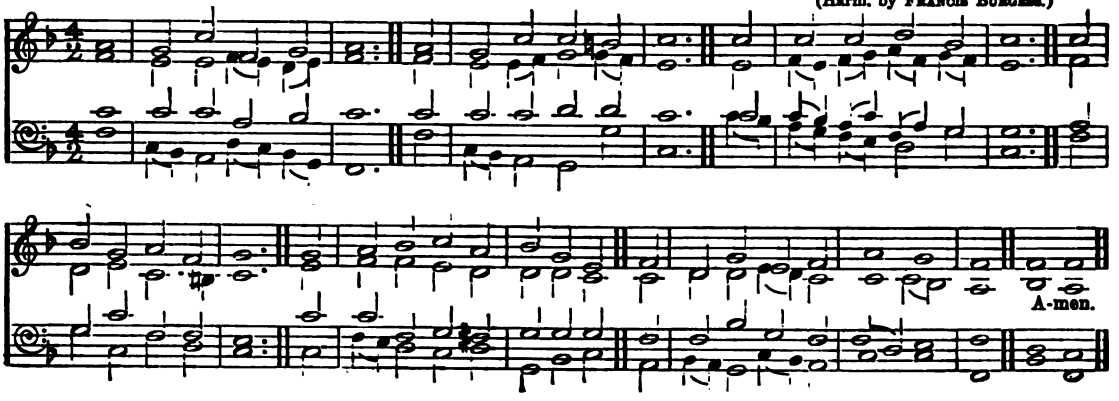
Jesu, O most blessed Saviour,
Thee we worship and adore;
Teach us, by Thy Holy Spirit,
How to love Thee more and more.

Amen.

By Angel Hosts Adored.

Words by the Rev. and Hon. R. E. Adderley.

Melody by Henry Lawes, 1637.
(Harm. by Francis Burgess.)



I.

By angel hosts adored,
Christ in the highest heaven,
Grace now Jehovah's board
In wondrous mystery given;
And mark this Eucharist of Love
In aweful presence from above.

II.

Bring us, O Lord divine,
Thy Banquet house within,
Feed us, for we are Thine,
And need Thee in our sin,
With Thy most sacred Flesh and Blood,
Presented at the throne of God.

III.

Under Thy shadow blest
Draw us in glad delight,
Find us in Thee our rest
To nerve us for the fight;
With hands whereon rich wounds we trace
Thine own fast hold in Thine embrace.

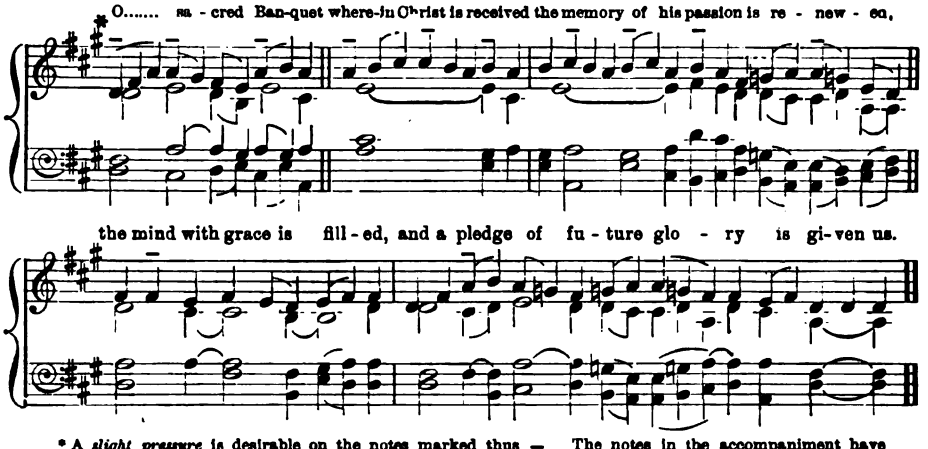
IV.

Soon will the conflict cease,
The earthly feast be o'er,
And hearts in endless peace
Thee visibly adore;
So grant us through Thine unseen strength
To reach th' eternal home at length.

V.

Salvation to our God
That sitteth on the throne,
And to the Lamb adored,
With Holy Spirit One!
One God in Blessed Persons Three,
All heaven and earth shall worship Thee. Amen.

O Sacred Banquet.



* A *slight pressure* is desirable on the notes marked thus — The notes in the accompaniment have no fixed time value.

ANTIPHON OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

O how Sweet.

Harmonized by ARTHUR GOSLING, F.R.C.O.

O..... how sweet, O..... Lord, is thy spi-rit,

Ch. or Sw. 8 ft.
Ped. soft 16 ft.

who. that thou might-est shew forth thy sweet - ness to thy chil-dren,

dost..... feed..... them with that sweet-est Bread.... which came down from

hea - - ven, filling the hun - gry with..... good things and... send -

- ing the rich..... and dis - dain - ful emp - - ty a - way.

* A *slight pressure* is desirable on the notes marked thus —· The notes in the accompaniment have no fixed time value

D

Post-Communion.

ADAPTED FROM THE *KYRIE DE ANGELIS* AND HARMONIZED BY

FRANCIS BURGESS.

To be sung in Unison.

CANTOR. FULL.

Ev - er - more bless - ed and prais - ed be . . Je - sus Christ;

on His Throne of Glo-ry, and in the Ho-ly Sa-cra-ment of . . . the Al-tar.

PSALM CXVII.

BOYS. O praise the Lord, áll ye hea - then : práise Him, all ye na - tio ns

FULL. For His merciful kind-ness is ever more and more towárds us : and the truth of the Lord endúr-eth for ev - er. Praise the Lord.

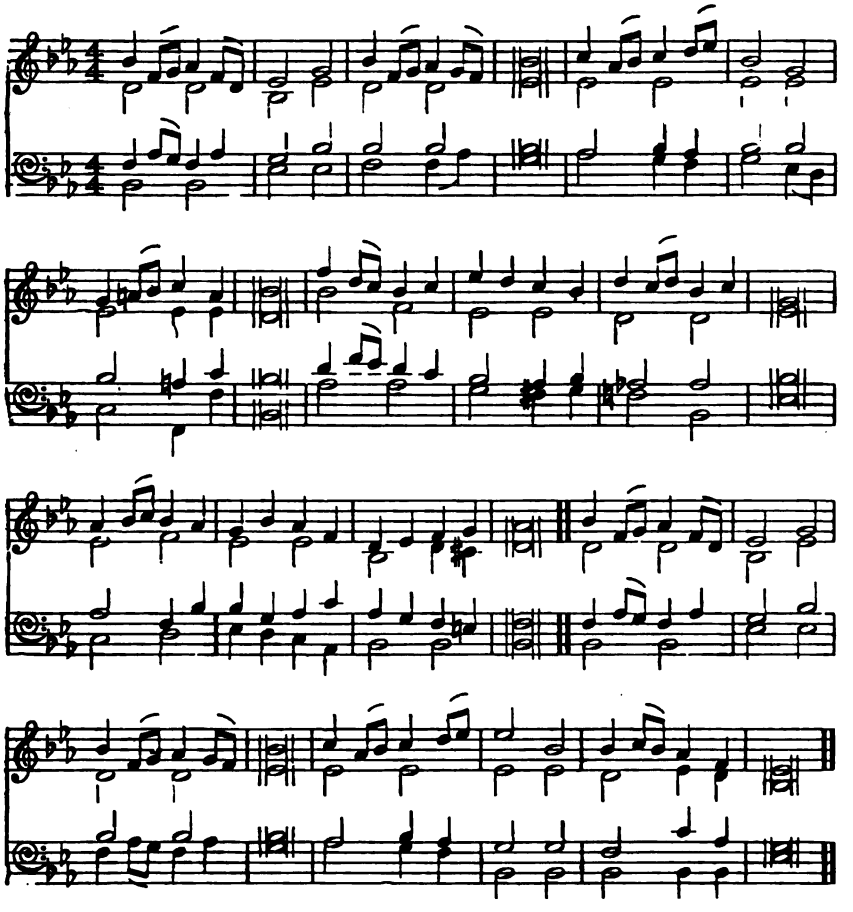
Repeat Antiphon, Evermore, etc.

BOYS. Glo - ry be to the Father, and tó the Son : and to the Ho - ly Ghost;

FULL. As it was in the beginning, is now,* and ever shall be : wórld with - out end. A - men.

Repeat Antiphon, Evermore, etc.

Sing, O Zion's Children.



1. Sing, O Zion's children,
To the Lord your God,
Shout His ancient promise,
Faithful to His word:
Never, long as earth remaineth,
Fruitful earth's increase,
Seed-time and the golden harvest
Nevermore shall cease.
Sing, O Zion's children,
To the Lord your God.
Shout His ancient promise,
Faithful to His word.

2. Render glad thanksgiving,
Raise the praise on high
To the Lord of Harvest,
Giving wondrously:
See around the yellow valleys
Thick with plenty stand,
Laughing in the radiant sunshine
For the reaper's hand.
Sing, O Zion's children

3. Watering earth's furrows,
Sending gracious rain,
God with fruitful increase
Blesses it again:
Clouds above are dropping fatness,
Riches far and near,
All His Loving-kindness crowning
Yet another year.
Sing, O Zion's children.

4. Fear not Land so favoured
By your Maker's choice,
Wondrous things He doeth,
Waken and rejoice!
Orchard trees sweet fruit are bearing,
Pastures green do spring,
Figs and vines their strength are yielding,
Fields in fulness sing.
Sing, O Zion's children

5. Onward then in gladness
Bear the golden store
To their home in safety
On the garner floor;
Lift the festal songs of harvest,
For the Lord is good,
Year by year providing duly
For our daily food.
Sing, O Zion's children.

*6. Praise our God, ye people,
Land Jehovah's Love,
Praise Him, hosts of angels
In the realms above:
Praise Him, all ye heavens holy,
Praise Him, stars and light,
Hail and snow and vapours praise Him,
Earth and depth and height.
Sing, O Zion's children

*7. Fruitful trees and cedars
Praise Him, streams and rills,
Worms and feathered creatures,
Mountains and all hills:
Young and old and children praise Him,
Praise the bounteous God,
Raise the joy of harvest gladness,
To the harvest's Lord.
Sing, O Zion's children.

8. Priests and Kings of Jesus
Whom He died to win,
Praise the Lord who gath'reth
Richer harvest in:
He Who gave His life on Calv'ry
Liveth evermore,
Calling one by one His children
To His garner-floor.
Sing, O Zion's children.

Where His saints and angels
Wait His Harvest Home,
May His faithful members
Soon in safety come;
Glory to the Father, glory
To the Holy Son,
Glory to the Spirit, glory
To the Three in One.
Sing, O Zion's children Amen.

* The verses marked with an asterisk can be omitted

PRESSING FORWARD.

"Forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

"OAKBRIDGE." S. C. LOWRY.

1. *f* Press-ing for-ward, reach-ing for-ward To the things be-fore— See! the Church of God moves on-ward

Ev-er more and more. *p* Rough the road and stern the tri-al, *cr* But the end is sure; Faith can smile thro

self-de-ni-al, Cou-rage can en-dure. *ff* Press-ing for-ward, reach-ing for-ward To the things be-fore--

See! the Church of God moves on-ward, Ev-er more and more,..... Ev-er more and more.

2.

p Not as though we apprehended,
Or our work were done;
Not as though the race were ended,
Or the victory won;
Not without a fear of falling,
cr But in faith and love
For the prize of our high calling
To the mark we move.
ff Pressing forward, &c.

3.

p We have sinned, and we are sinning
Every passing day;
cr But the Cross, our pardon winning,
Hides our guilt away.
f Thus, the sinful past forgetting,
Zionward we tend,
Firm as flint our faces setting,
Faithful to the end.
ff Pressing forward, &c.

4.

mf Angels at our side attend us,
Missioned from above;
Spirit-hosts unseen befriend us—
Ministries of love:
God, our Father, still protects us;
Jesus is our stay;
God, the Holy Ghost, directs us
Through the lifelong way.
ff Pressing forward, &c.

5.

mp Saints of old have trod before us
All the same hard road;
cr Saints, who now are watching o'er us
From their blest abode.
p Once they passed thro' tribulation;
cr Now their labours cease,
Now they see the Great Salvation,
p Now they rest in peace.
ff Pressing forward, &c.

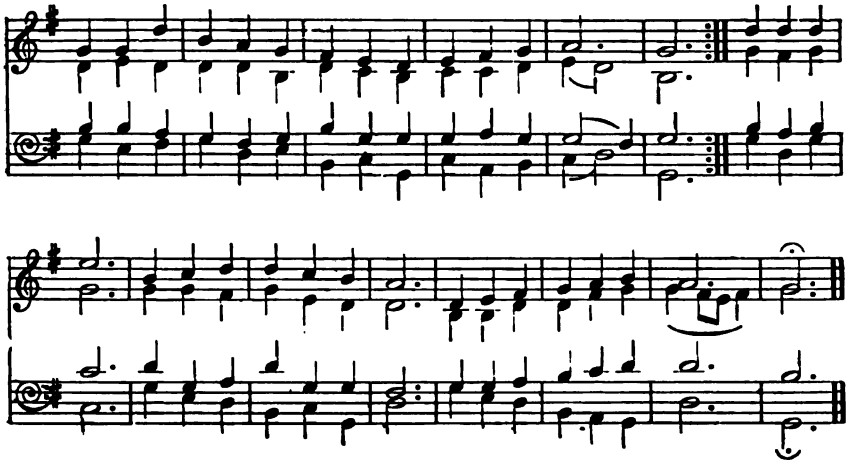
6.

p Fainting often, (*cr*) yet pursuing,
Still our way we make;
Looking to our Head, and doing
All for Jesus' sake.
f Glory, honour, wisdom, blessing,
Lord, for Thee we claim,
Nothing having, yet possessing
All in Thy dear Name.
ff Pressing forward, &c.

7.

ff Oh, how grand will be the meeting
When the race is run!
mf Oh, how sweet will be the greeting:
"Faithful one, well done!"
ff Oh, the thought of clearly seeing
What we dimly see!
Oh, the joy, our God, of being
Evermore with Thee!
ff Pressing forward, &c.

Lobe den Herren.



1.

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation,
O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and salvation;
All ye who hear,
Now to His temple draw near,
Join me in glad adoration.

2.

Praise to the Lord, Who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
Shelters thee under His wings, yea, so gently sustaineth:
Hast thou not seen
How thy desires have been
Granted in what He ordaineth?

3.

Praise to the Lord, Who doth prosper thy work, and defend thee,
Surely His goodness and mercy here daily attend thee;
Ponder anew
What the Almighty can do,
If with His love He befriend thee?

4.

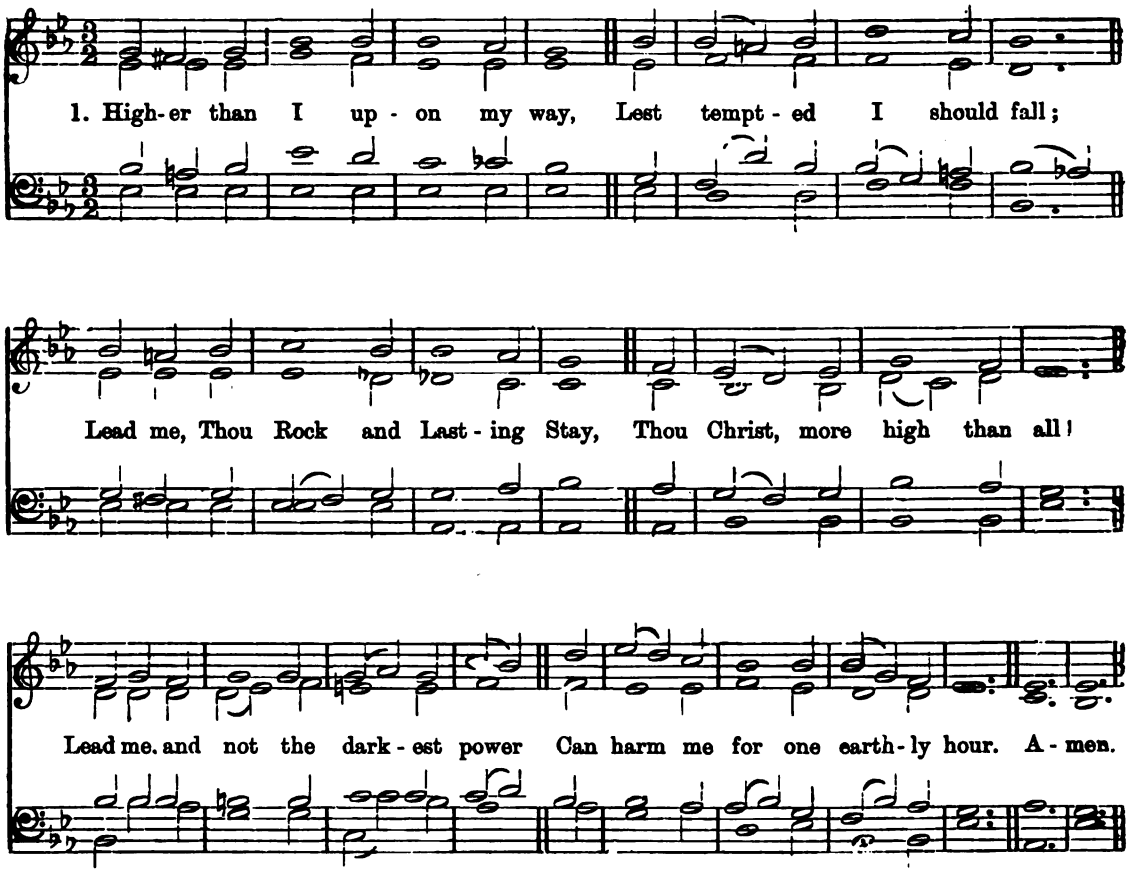
Praise to the Lord, Who when darkness of sin is abounding,
Who, when the godless do triumph, all virtue confounding,
Sheddeth His Light,
Chaseth the horrors of night,
Saints with His mercy surrounding.

5.

Praise to the Lord, O let all that is in me adore Him!
All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before Him!
Let the Amen
Sound from His people again,
Gladly for aye we adore Him!

Higher than I.

O set me upon the Rock that is higher than I."—PSALM lxi. 3.



2. Stronger than I, uphold me, Lord,
When winds of doubt beat long,
Uphold me in the Grace of God,
And when I'm weak, I'm strong.
Strongest in Thy Sufficiency,
When weakest here apart from Thee.

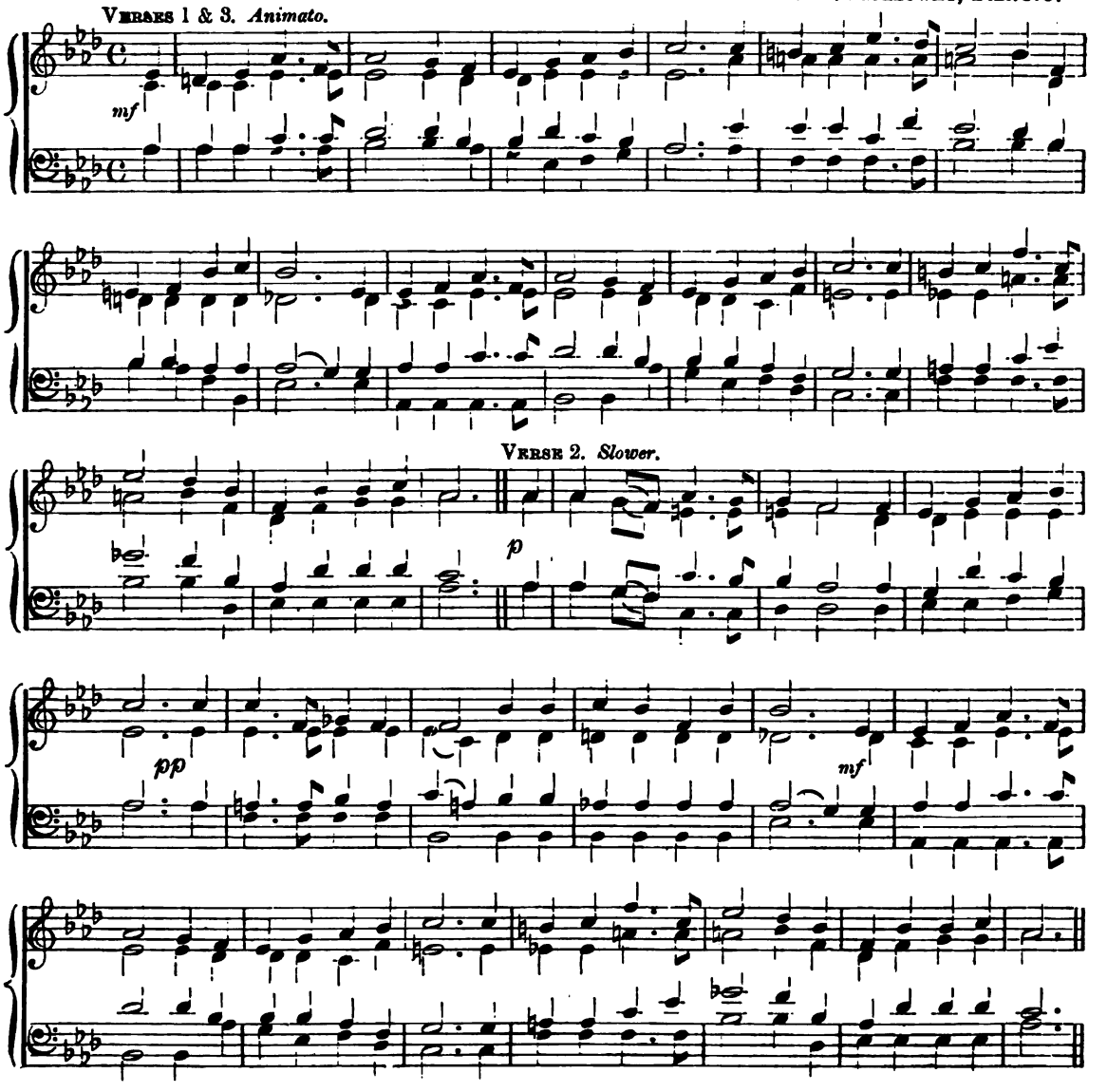
3. Greater than he, whose princely might
Thy risen power o'ercame:
Vainly with Thee his angels fight,
Who tremble at Thy Name;
Thou saw'st him once as lightning fall—
Keep me, or else his snares enthral.

4. Closer than they who love me well,
Those nearer human ties,
Bind me more close in Thee to dwell,
In Whom all safety lies:
Ever more close as life's short day
Lengthens to pass from earth away

5. Holier than they who round Thy Throne
Must worship and adore!
Holier art Thou, O Christ, alone.
Make Thou me evermore
Meeter by Thine indwelling grace,
To see Thee, Saviour, face to face. Amen

O Beautiful, my Country.

FRED. W. HOLLOWAY, F.R.C.O.



1. O beautiful, my country!
   Be thine a nobler care
Than all the wealth of commerce,
   Thy harvests waving fair;
Be it thy pride to lift up
   The manhood of the poor;
Be thou to the oppressèd
   Fair Freedom's open door!

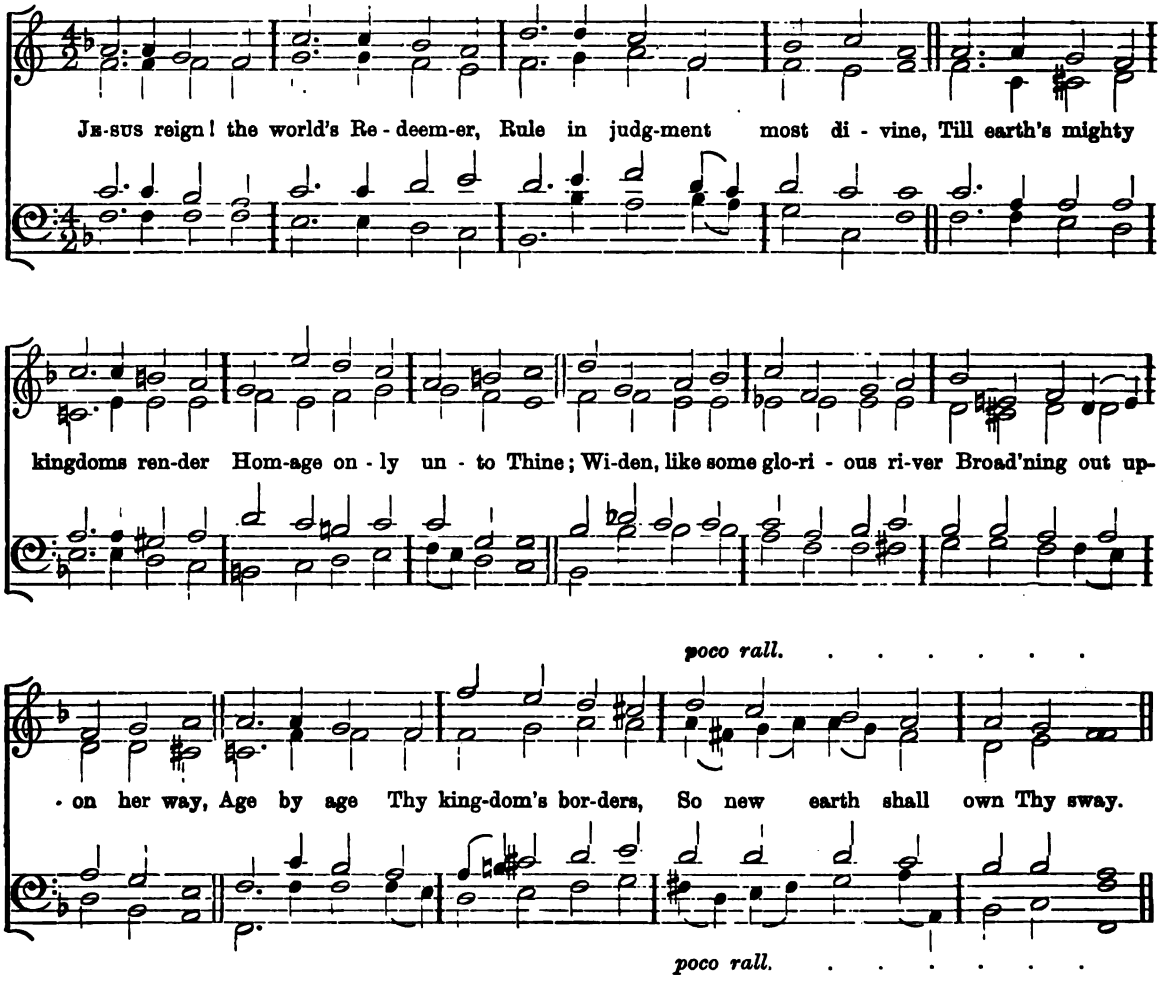
2. For thee our fathers suffered,
   For thee they toiled and prayed
Upon thy holy altar
   Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright,
   Grand mem'ries on thee shine,
The blood of pilgrim nations,
   Commingled, flows with thine.

3. O beautiful, my country!
   Round thee in love we draw;
Thine be the grace of Freedom,
   The majesty of Law!
Be Righteousness thy sceptre,
   Justice thy diadem,
And on thy shining forehead
   Be Peace the crowning gem!

F. L. HOSMER.

JESUS REIGN! THE WORLD'S REDEEMER.

Words by the Rev. and Hon. Reginald Adderley. *Music by* James Baden Powell.



Reign in righteousness, Redeemer,
Son of Man, we cry to Thee,
Break oppression and injustice
Till the "sons of want" are free;
Bands of wickedness unloosen,
Give the hungry outcasts home,
Cover Thou the sorely naked,
Bid on earth Thy kingdom come.

Reign in righteousness, Redeemer,
Grant us, sons of God on earth,
Brother hearts that beat together
For the things of truer worth;
Hating what is mean and wrongful,
Selfishness and private greed,
Gaining here that wider spirit
Conscious of the brethren's need.

So Thy Church shall rise in darkness,
And her health spring speedily,
Righteousness shall go before her,
Light come in obscurity;
Thou shalt guide her, from Thy fulness
Day by day her soul shalt fill
With Thine own deep satisfactions
Here to do the Father's Will.

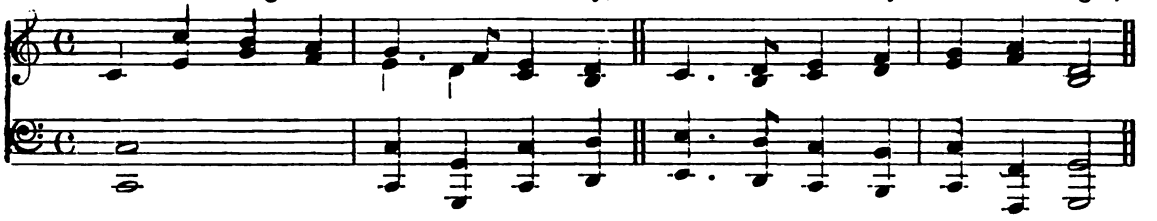
Reign in righteousness, Redeemer,
Till all earth and heaven are one,
One in truth and high endeavour,
Earth's huge wrongs for ever gone;
Human tears wiped off from sorrow
Causing human hearts to break,
And a Voice cries from God's presence,
"All things new, behold, I make."

Hallelujah! King triumphant!
Jesus reigns by all adored,
Hallelujah! blessing, honour,
Power, salvation to our God!
Sons of righteousness, in glory
Through Thy blood, O Lamb, alone,
Share Thine awful wealth of victory,
King of Kings upon the Throne.—Amen.

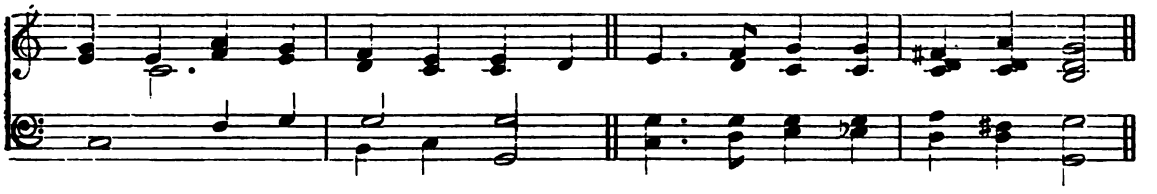
A GLAD SONG FOR THE MISSION.

By Father Ignatius (by special permission). "St. Cattwg."

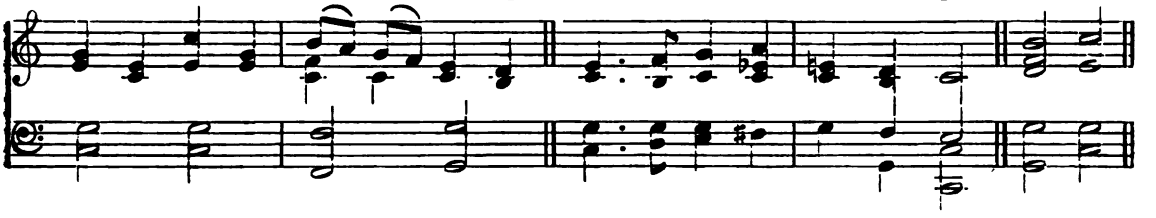
O Thou King of Won - drous Mer - cy, Bound - less in Thy Power and Might,



Wait - ing to trans - late poor sin - ners From the dark - ness in - to light,



Come like Beams of Bril-liant Morn-ing, Ban - ish now the shades of night. A - men.



Here are souls who long for daybreak;
  Yearn the rays of Light to see;
Come, sweet Jesus, God's own Daybreak,
  Light these hearts that crave for Thee.
Jesus, Infinite compassion,
  Come, O come, and set them free.

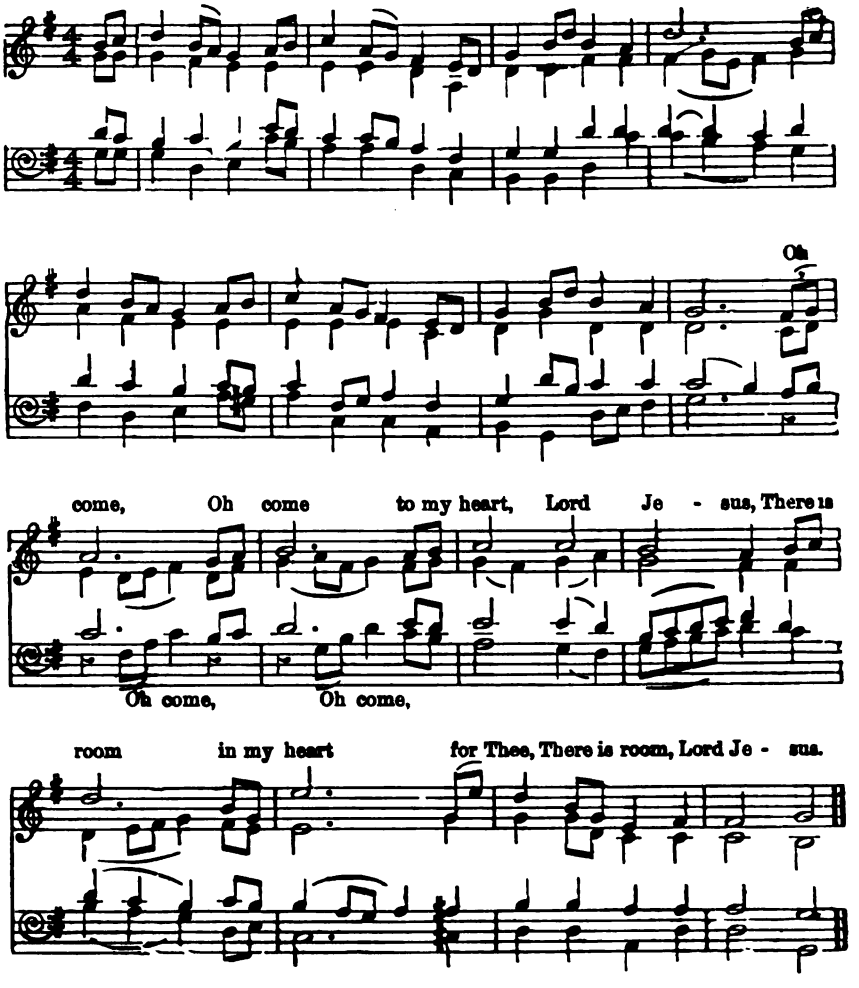
In the bondage of corruption,
  In sins' shadows drear and long;
Lo, these precious souls are sighing,
  Such a sad and helpless throng.
Let Thy Gospel-trumpet rouse them,
  Let them hear Thy glad New Song.

Hush! for now the sinner listeneth,
  'What is this strange note I hear?'
Love and mercy, full salvation,
  Now for thee, poor soul, are near.
Gaze upon the face of Jesus—
  Call Him NOW THY Saviour Dear.

Now the wondrous change is passing
  Over souls long dead in sin;
See them flocking now to Jesus—
  Sheep His Blood was shed to win.
Into God's sweet peace they enter;
  Past the war-strife and the din

Just one trusting look at Jesus,
  And the weary soul lies down
On His Bosom strong and tender,
  And His loving arms are thrown
Round the sheep that trusts the shepherd,
  One more pearl for His bright crown Amen.

Thou didst leave Thy Throne.



1.

Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly Crown
When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room
For Thy holy Nativity:
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
There is room in my heart for Thee.

2.

Heaven's arches rang when the Angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy Royal degree;
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility:
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
There is room in my heart for Thee.

3.

The foxes found rest, and the bird had its nest
In the shade of the cedar tree:
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the desert of Galilee:
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
There is room in my heart for Thee.

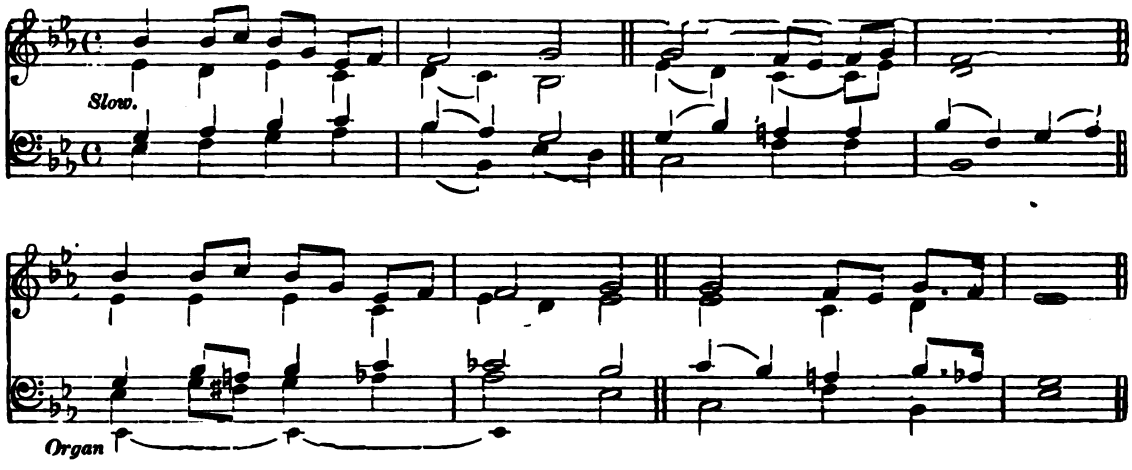
4.

Thou camest, O Lord, with the living Word
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn
They bore Thee to Calvary:
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
There is room in my heart for Thee.

5.

When the heavens shall ring, and the Angels sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy Voice call me home, saying, 'Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for thee:'
Oh, come to my heart Lord Jesus;
There is room in my heart for Thee. Amen.

Let me come Closer.



1.

Let me come closer to Thee, JESUS,
  Oh! closer day by day,
Let me lean harder on Thee, JESUS,
  Yes, harder all the way.

2.

Let me show forth Thy Beauty, JESUS,
  Like sunshine on the hills,
Oh! let my lips pour forth Thy sweetness
  In joyous, sparkling rills.

3.

Yes, like a fountain, precious JESUS,
  Make me and let me be,
Keep me and use me daily, JESUS,
  For Thee, for only Thee.

4.

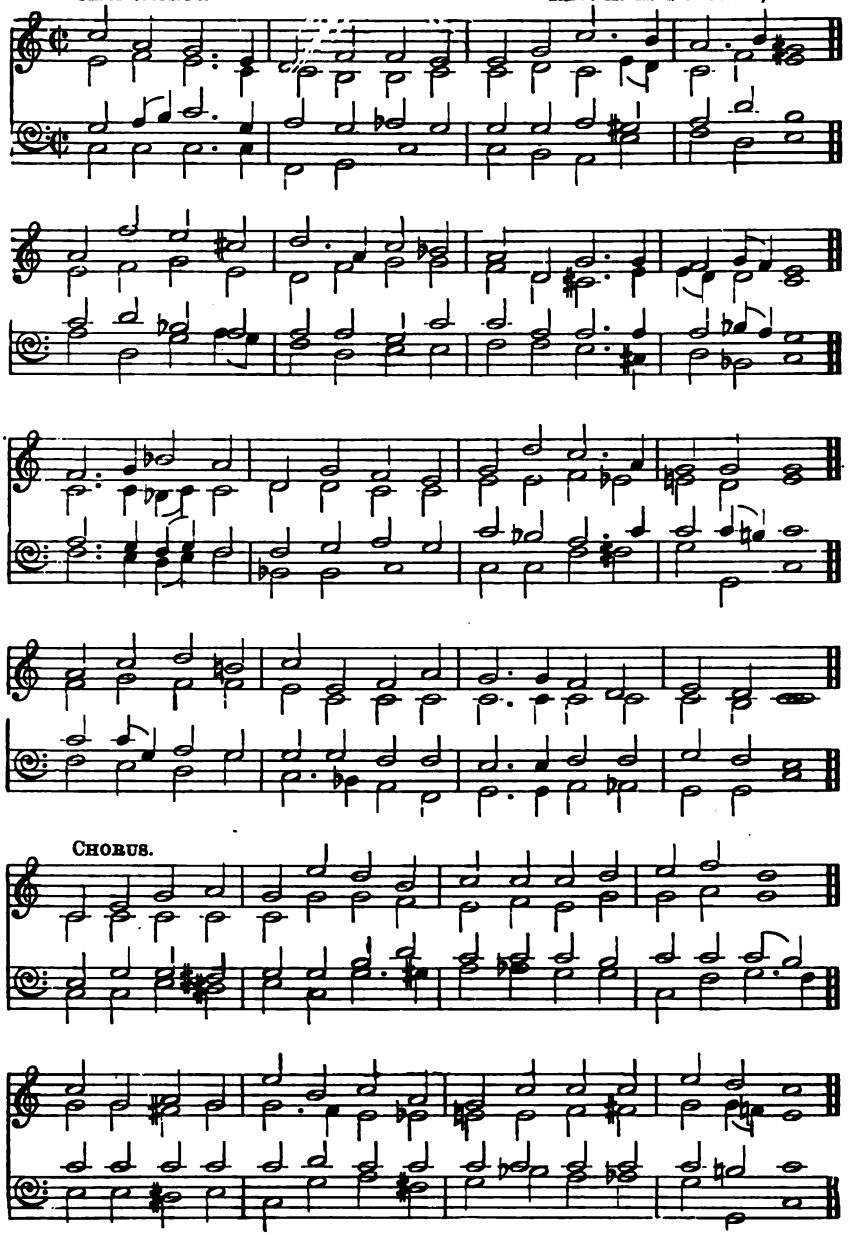
In all my heart and will, O JESUS,
  Be altogether King,
Make me a loyal subject, JESUS,
  To Thee in everything.

5.

Thirsting and hungering for Thee, JESUS,
  With blessed hunger here,
Longing for home on Zion's mountain,
  No thirst, no hunger there. Amen.

A Hymn of the Incarnation.

SEMI-CHORUS. REV. E. E. DUGMORE, M.A.



Christians, sing the Incarnation
Of the Eternal Son of God,
Who, to accomplish our salvation,
Clothed Himself with Flesh and Blood.
Man at morn sent forth to battle
Long ere noon had lost the day;
Eventide has seen our Captain
Drive the hosts of hell away.
Alleluia, Alleluia,
To the Incarnate Son of God,
Who as Man hath willed to conquer,
Taking Mortal Flesh and Blood.

Word of God, the world's Creator,
Now He cometh to His own;
Bethlehem's stable-cave His Palace,
And the manger-bed His throne:
Helpless lies Whose power unbounded
Angels and Archangels laud:
And a lowly Hebrew Maiden
Is the Mother of her God.
Alleluia, Alleluia,
To the Incarnate Son of God,
Who concealed His dazzling Godhead
In the veil of Flesh and Blood.

Through a life of humblest labour
God with man was pleased to dwell,
All our toils and sorrows sharing:
Thus He was Emmanuel.

Yet a deeper, closer union
Jesus' burning love would frame,
He the Passover fulfilling,
Gives Himself the Paschal Lamb.
Alleluia, Alleluia,
To the Incarnate Son of God,
Who the Heavenly gift bequeathed us.
Of His precious Flesh and Blood.

Then at last by man condemned,
God for man vouchsafed to die,
Love Divine its depths expressing
In the Cross of Calvary.
And through death the long dominion
From the king of death was torn,
When its victim rose its Victor
On the Resurrection Morn.
Alleluia, Alleluia,
To the Incarnate Son of God.
Who the way of Life hath opened
Through the Veil of Flesh and Blood.

Forty days of hidden rapture
Lives on earth the Risen One;
Speaking of His earthly kingdom
Ere He seeks His Heavenly Throne
Then, His latest words a blessing,
Jesus is gone up on high.
And through rank on rank of Angels
Captive leads captivity.

Alleluia, Alleluia,
To the Incarnate Son of God;
Who the Holiest Place hath entered
With His quickened Flesh and Blood.

Now upon the golden Altar,
In the midst before the Throne,
Pleads the Sacrifice Sufficient;
Pleads, yet not in Heaven alone:
But on earth at all His Altars,
One the Presence, real and true,
One the object of our worship,
One the mighty act we do.
Alleluia, Alleluia,
To the Incarnate Son of God,
Who Himself both Priest and Victim
Offers still His Flesh and Blood.

There adored in Highest Heaven,
We shall see the Virgin's Son;
All creation bowed before Him,
Man upon the Eternal Throne;
And shall hear the thrilling chorus
Echo through that bright abode;
Raised by thousand thousand voices,
Ransomed with the Blood of God;
Honour be to Him and Blessing
Who, by dying, death o'ercame:
Glory to our God for ever
Alleluia to the Lamb! Amen.

A Hymn of the Incarnation.

(Second Tune.)

FRANCIS BURGESS.

SEMI-CHORUS.

CHORUS.

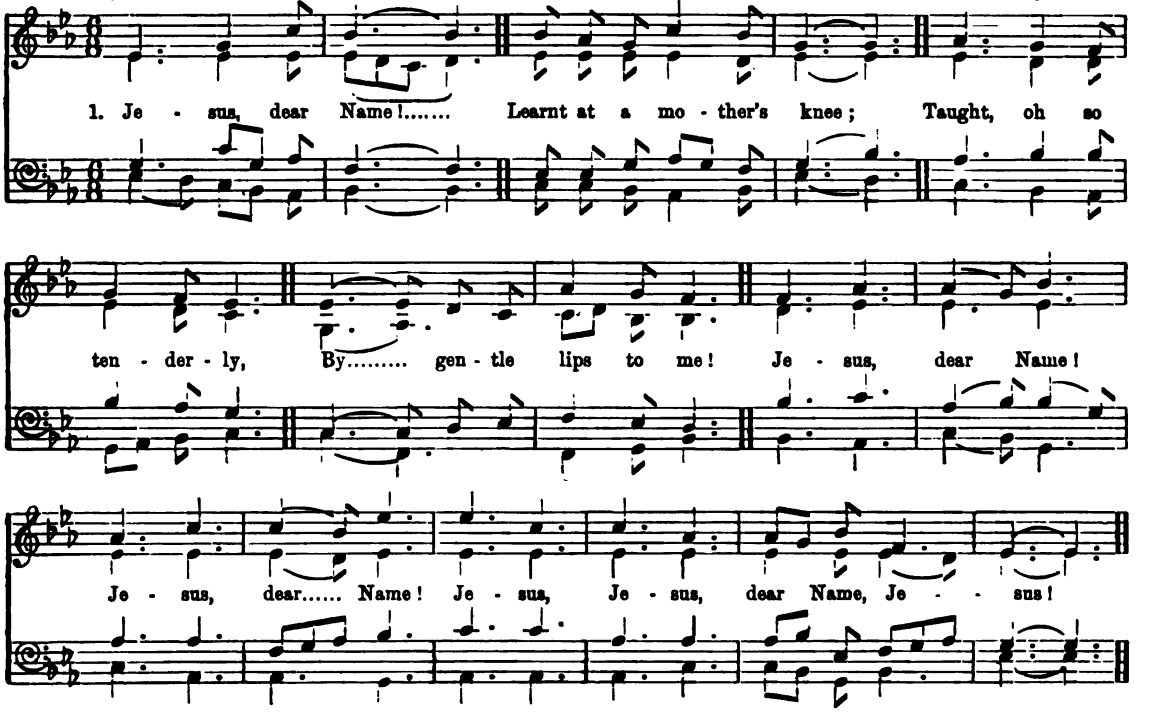
A Hymn of the Incarnation.

(Third Tune.)

* Small notes Organ only

The Holy Name.

Words by the Rev. Fr. Andrew. Harmonized by F. B.



Jesus, dear Name!
Ripple of mountain rill
Makes music on the hill;
Sweeter this song note still,
Jesus, dear Name!

Jesus, dear Name!
Lone in the desert wild,
Poor, homeless, sin-defiled,
Lost, and yet still Thy child,
Jesus, dear Name!

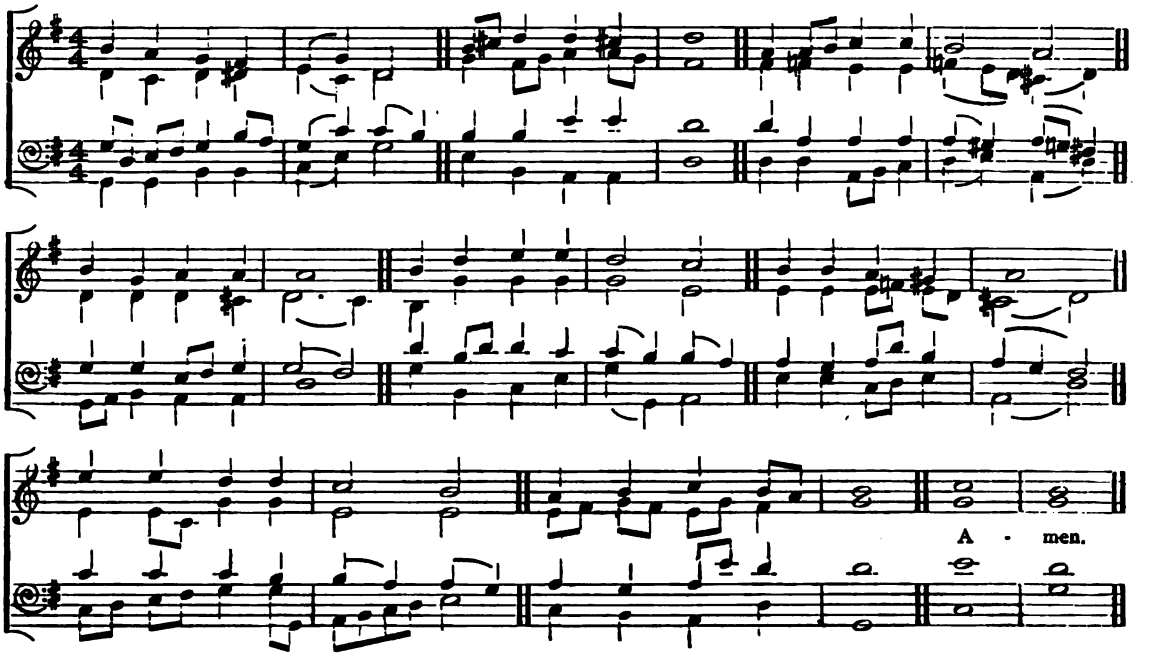
Jesus, dear Name!
Chasing the gloom away,
Light of eternal day,
Giving me power to pray,
Jesus, dear Name!

Jesus, dear Name!
Whispered by Gabriel,
Sweetest that tongue can tell,
Trembling in sacring-bell,
Jesus, dear Name!

A.

Jesu, Art Thou Calling.

Words by the Rev. Hon. R. E. Adderley. Music by Francis Burgess.



1.

Jesu, art Thou calling
  Weary ones, like me,
All the heavy laden
  Bidding come to Thee?
Like a mighty burden
  Sin lies on my soul,
One and only Saviour,
  Thou can'st make me whole.

2.

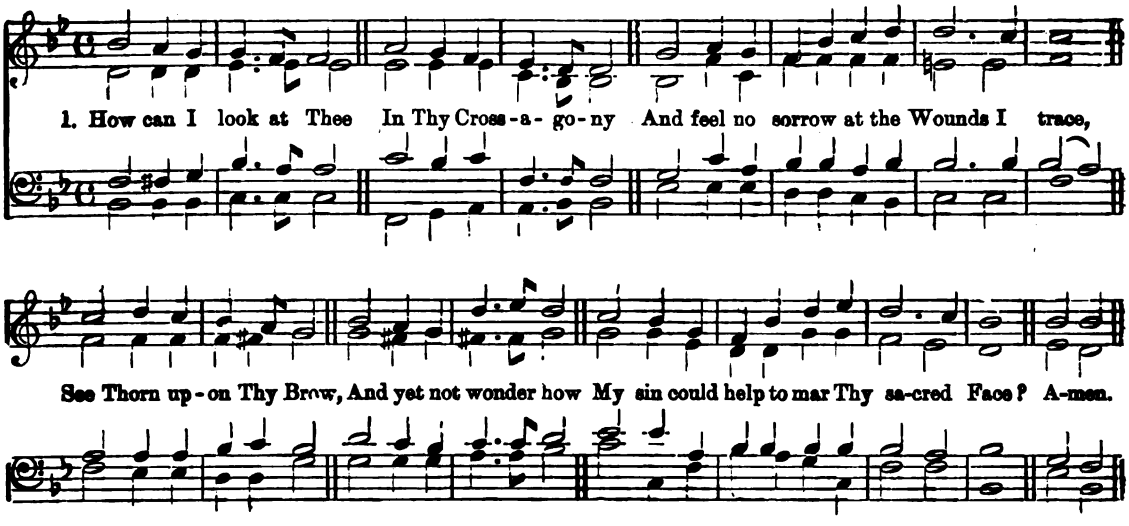
I am very weary
  Of the wretched past,
And the sins that bind me
  Soul and body fast.
Only Thou art loosing
  Those who long to be
Freed by Thy forgiveness,
  Jesu, pardon me.

3.

Long time wert Thou knocking,
  Knocking at the door,
Oft and gently pleading,
  Thou shalt plead no more.
All my life-long burden
  At Thy feet I lay,
Bear it for me, Saviour,
  Pardon me to-day. Amen.

How can I Look at Thee?

(A FRIDAY HYMN.)



2. How can I look at Thee,
The Sufferer on the Tree,
The Man of Sorrows, knowing much of grief,
And never shed a tear,
To keep Thee hanging there,
But deep in sin still dare to stand beneath?

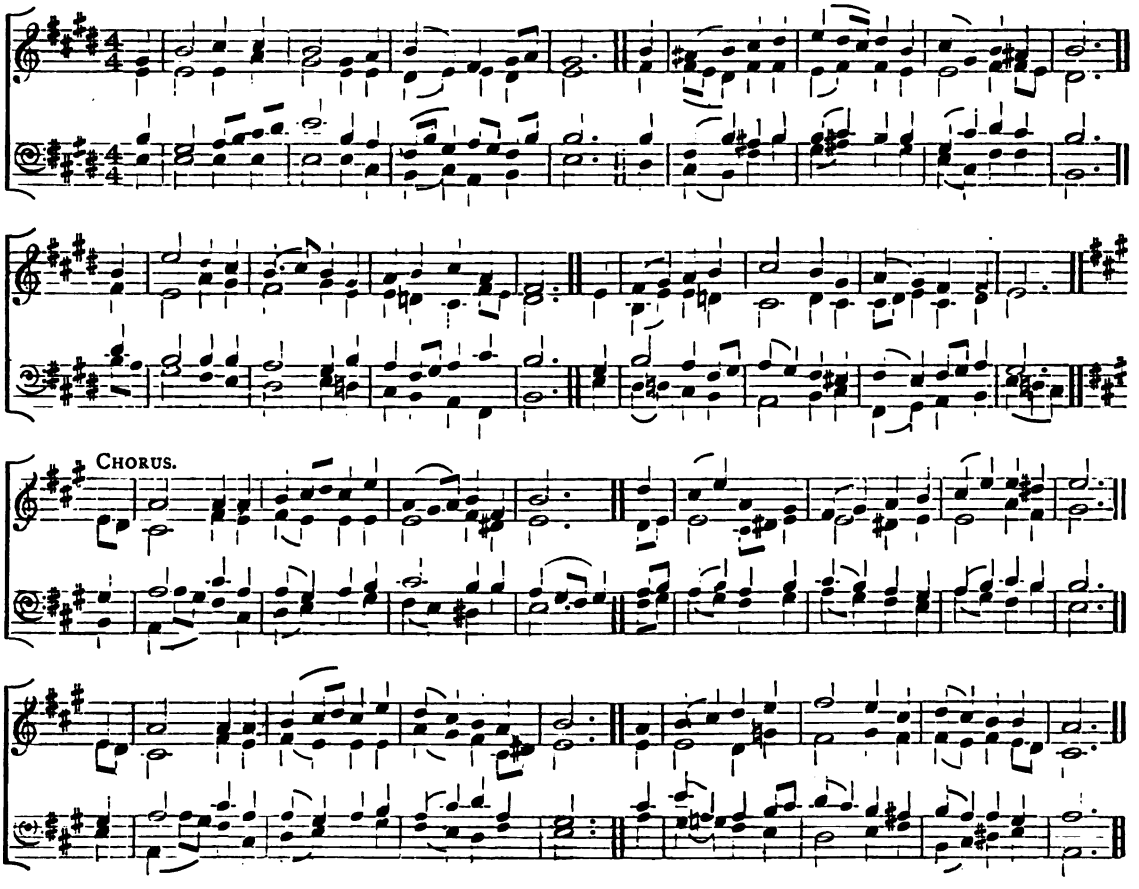
3. Still with the vulgar throng
Dare take my lot among
The mob that can blaspheme Thy Holy Name,
That surge and gape and stare
Around Thee hanging there,
Bearing our hideous sins in willing shame?

4. O turn mine eyes to Thee;
Teach me, great Christ, to see
My sinful life that brought Thee to that hour:
Mine is the awful sin,
Help me to look within
My wayward heart deceived by guilt's dark power.

5. Till from the very Cross,
Won by Thy shame and loss,
Blest pardon break the darkness of the past,
The touch of Thy embrace
Its horrid stains efface,
And Peace bespeak the laggard soul at last. Amen.

O King of Salvation.

Words by the Rev. Hon. R. E. Adderley. Music by Francis Burgess.



O King of Salvation, in glory or loss
We lift up Thy banner, and follow Thy cross,
We wait the new morrow, when earth shadows flee,
O Love of Redemption, and look unto Thee.

Chorus—Thou only art worthy, Thou Lamb that wast slain,
In riches and glory and blessing to reign,
For Thine is the Kingdom, and won by Thy blood,
All earthly dominion shall yield unto God.

We march in the warfare of Right against Wrong,
And Thou art our Victor and Thou art our Song;
In Thee we can conquer, in Thee we shall sing
When all Thy creation confess Thee their King.
Thou only art, &c.

We see the great City that comes from afar,
And Thou art her Splendour, O bright Morning Star,
Thy Name on their foreheads, the sign of Thy grace,
Her people do serve Thee, and gaze on Thy face.
Thou only art, &c.

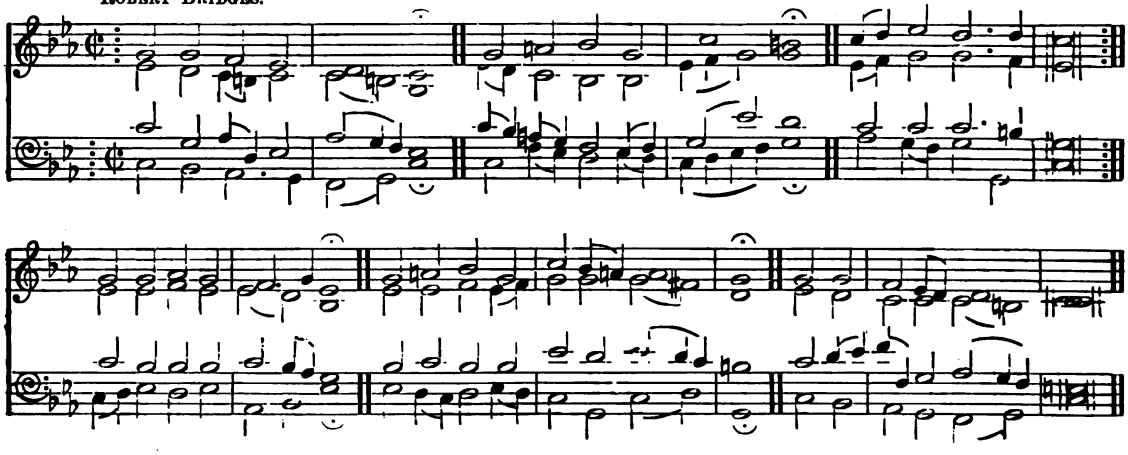
The nations resplendent do walk in the light,
Where, banished for ever the chill of the night,
Thy triumph has swallowed the anguish of tears,
And love is o'ershining the struggle of years.
Thou only art, &c.

O Light of the nations! come, open our eyes
To see the dawn redden, the glow in the skies,
The love that shall conquer when heaven and earth
Shall hail in Thy triumph the day of new birth.
Thou only art, &c.

"Jesu, Best and Dearest."

Words trans. from the German by
ROBERT BRIDGES.

Melody by J. CRUEGER, 1656.
(*Harmonised by* J. S. BACH.)



1. JESU, best and dearest—
O my joy, who carest,
Shepherd kind, for me!
Ah! how near to breaking
Fell my heart in seeking,
In desiring Thee:
I am Thine, and Thou art mine;
Nought I lack, since Thou invitest—
Only Thou delightest.

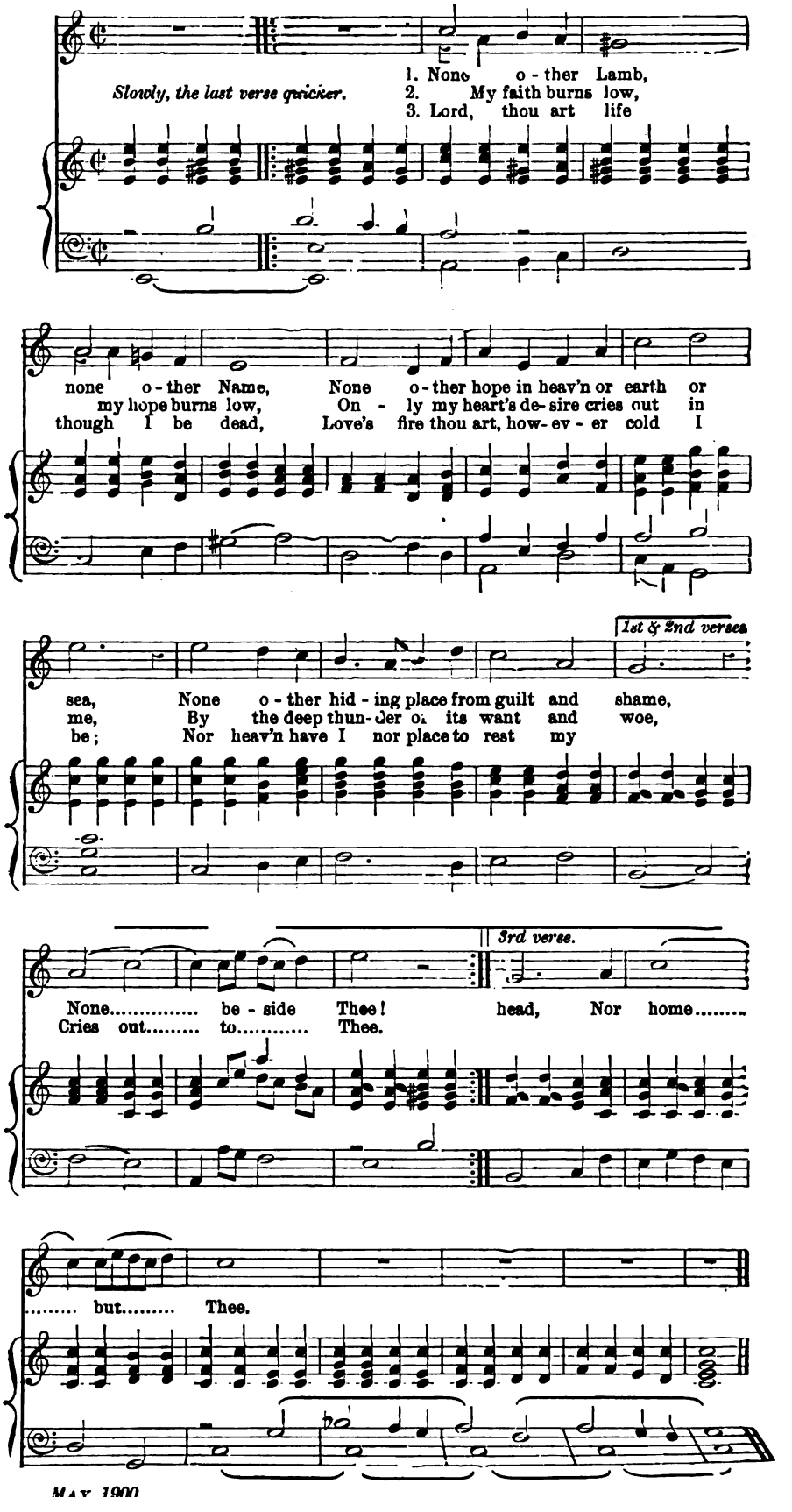
2. From my sin's oppression,
In Thy close possession,
I am safe and free:
In the storm and tempest
By me Thou encampest,
Tower and Shield to be:
Thinking of Thy tender love,
I am armed 'gainst all temptation—
Jesu, my Salvation!

3. Earth that held Thee from me
Can no more o'ercome me
With its phantoms vain:
Glory cannot blind me,
Pleasure cannot bind me—
Nothing would I gain.
I lie still beneath Thy will;
From the godless, rude endeavour
Jesus doth deliver.

4. Now His voice doth reach me,
Now His word doth teach me;
At His feet I rest:
There no fear encroacheth,
There no ill approacheth,
There all pain is blest.
All my care He deigns to bear;
And in trouble Thou art nearest,
Jesu, best and dearest!

None other.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI. W. H. FREER.



An Appeal.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI. W. H. FRERE.

Steadily.

1. Lord
2. Thou

FINE.

Je - su, Thou art sweetness to my soul: I to my-self am
art Thy-self my goal, O Lord my King; Stretch forth Thy hand to

bit - ter - ness; Re - gard my faint-ing strug-gle t'ward the
save my soul; What mat-ters more or less of jour-ney-

goal, Re - gard my ma-ni - fold dis-tress, } O..... sweet.....
- ing, While I touch Thee I touch my goal, }

Je - - - su, O..... sweet Je - su.

Da Capo al Fine.

Hymn of Thanksgiving.

SUITABLE FOR THE END OF DIVINE SERVICE DURING FESTIVALS.

WORDS BY GEORGE HERBERT. MUSIC BY FRANCIS BURGESS.

To be sung in Unison.

FINE.

Let all the world in ev'-ry cor-ner sing, My God and King.

FINE.

♩ = 84.

1. The heav'ns are not too high, His praise may thi - ther fly;
2. The Church with psalms must shout, No door can keep them out;

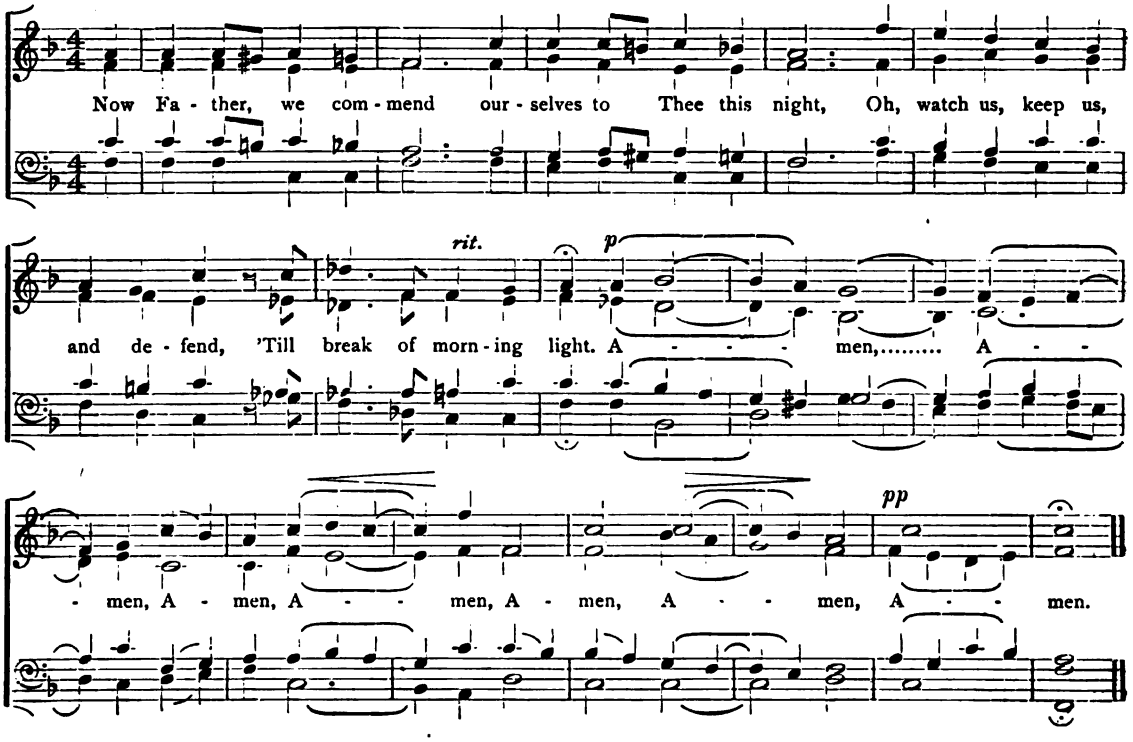
D.C.

The earth is not too low, His prais - es there may grow.
But, a - bove all the heart Must bear the long - est part.

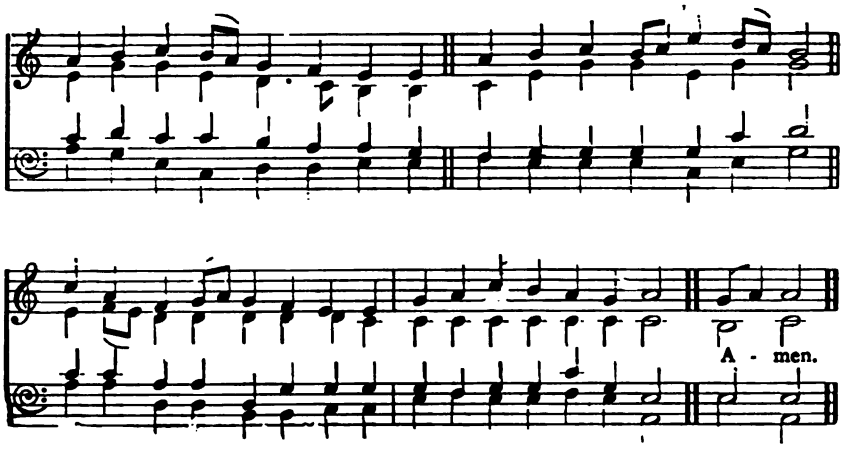
Vesper Hymn

(With Sevenfold Amen).

Rose Mesham, A.Mus. T.C.L.



Hymn of the Creed.



1.

I believe in God the Father,
I believe in God the Son,
I believe in God the Spirit,
One in Three, and Three in One.

2.

I believe the Incarnation:
God came down from Heaven to Earth,
Perfect God took Perfect Manhood
In a spotless Virgin-birth.

3.

I believe the great Atonement
Made upon the Holy Cross:
Jesus died for us and purchased
Freedom from all sin and loss.

4.

I believe the Resurrection:
Jesus Christ on Easter Day
Rose from out the tomb, a Victor
Driving Hell and Death away.

5.

I believe Our Lord's Ascension
From the Mount at Bethany,
Taken up from earth and seated
Up in heaven in Majesty.

6.

I believe that there is Glory,
Christ for ever intercedes,
As our Priest His Sacred Body
In the Father's Presence pleads.

7.

I believe the Second Advent,
For the Word of God has said
Christ will come again to judge us,
Both the living and the dead.

8.

I believe the Holy Spirit
Came on Whitsunday to be
In the Church and still is with us:
Truly God by faith we see.

9.

I believe the Church is Holy,
Jesus Christ's Society,
Catholic and Apostolic
Joined in blessed unity.

10.

I believe to the Apostles
Jesus gave the Ministry;
And in Bishops, Priests and Deacons
Still we have the Orders Three.

11.

I believe when I was Christened
I was made God's child to be,
Christ's own member, and if faithful
Heaven shall have eternally.

12.

I believe that in Communion
Jesus gives us Holy food,
Bread of Life, His Sacred Body,
Wine of His Most Precious Blood.

13.

I believe the Holy Bible
Is the Word of God above,
Warning sinners and proclaiming
Jesu's great and wondrous Love.

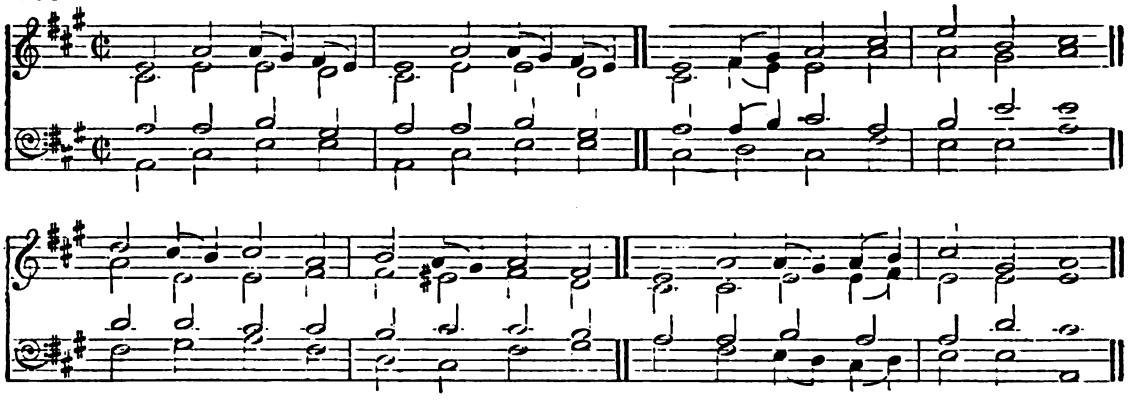
14.

I believe in JESUS ONLY,
Sweetest Name of God Most High;
I believe that if I trust Him,
I shall live, nor fear to die.

"All we have we owe to Jesus."

Words by Rev. V. S. S. Coles.
(By permission of Messrs. Mowbray & Co.)

Music by Rev. G. W. Hart, C.R.



HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

All we have we owe to Jesus,
His dear children all are we;
Through all troubles He will bring us,
His bright home in Heaven to see.

Long before the world's creation
He was reigning, God the Son;
There was never a beginning
To the Holy Three in One.

Once He laid aside His glory,
And was born a little child,
Of the Blessed Virgin Mary—
Maiden meek, and mother mild.

Thirty years in secret dwelling
He fulfilled His Father's will,
And for three years showed His glory,
Patient and obedient still.

On the Cross they nailed His Body,
And they set Him up on high;
Thus the God of earth and Heaven
For our sins did truly die.

From the Cross His Blood was streaming
All our sins to wash away;
In that Precious Blood He washed us
On our bright baptismal day.

Therefore we must give Him gladly
Every action, thought and word;
And His loving voice of warning
Must within our hearts be heard.

If the devil should persuade us
Our dear Lord to disobey,
Very earnestly to Jesus
For His pardon we must pray.

He will give it if we ask Him;
And, if still our hearts are sad,
Words of Holy Absolution
From His Priest shall make us glad.

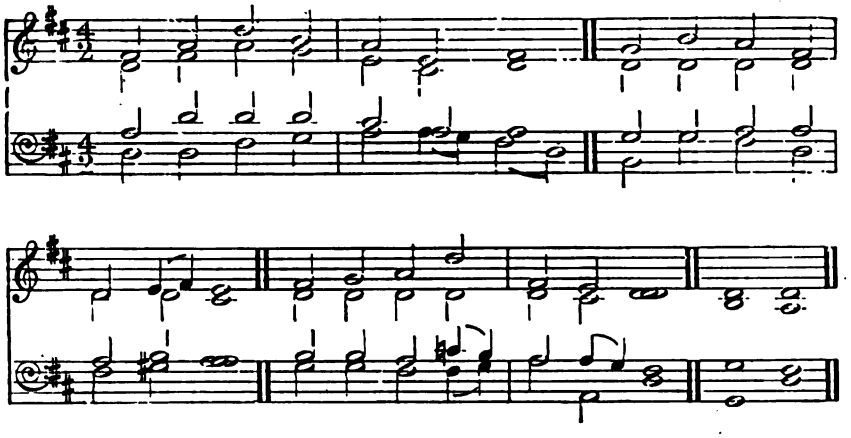
Greater things He yet will give us,
For our Lord is very good;
He will give us, at His Altar,
His own Body and His Blood.

Then may we receive our Saviour,
Taste His sweetness and His love;
Feed on Him, in faith adoring,
Till we reign with Him above.

All we have we owe to Jesus,
His dear children all are we;
Through all troubles He will bring us,
His bright home in Heaven to see. Amen.

Great Truths in Simple Language.

(For the Little Ones.)



THE HOLY TRINITY.

What is Holy Trinity?
'Tis the word that teaches me
God is One, in Persons Three.

GOD THE SON.

God came down the Man to be,
On the Cross He died for me,
That from sin I might be free.

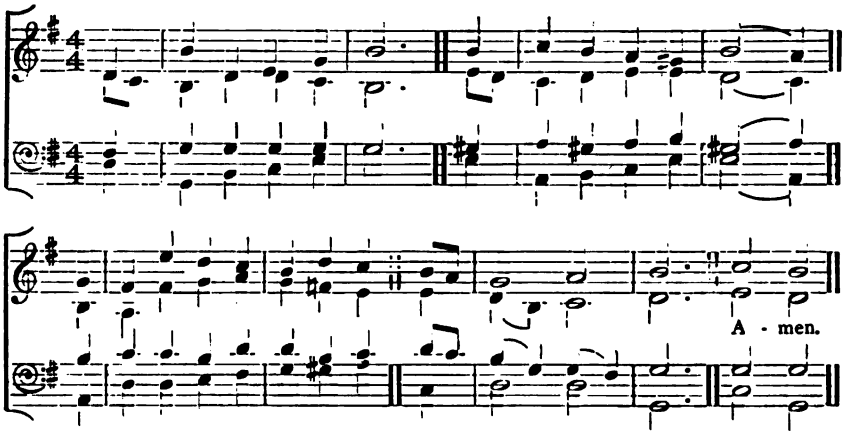
GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

God the Holy Ghost doth will
Our poor hearts with grace to fill,
Making Jesus present still.

ROBERT W. BARBER,
Thurston Vicarage Bury St. Edmunds

Let heaven bend to Earth.

Words by the Rev. Hon. J. G. ADDERLEY. Music by FRANCIS BURGESS.



1. Let heaven bend to earth,
   And spirits sweet descend,
   Wafting the music of the saints
   With ours to blend.

2. Let earth look up to GOD,
   And to the Angels dare
   Intrust her burden to be borne
   Of praise and prayer.

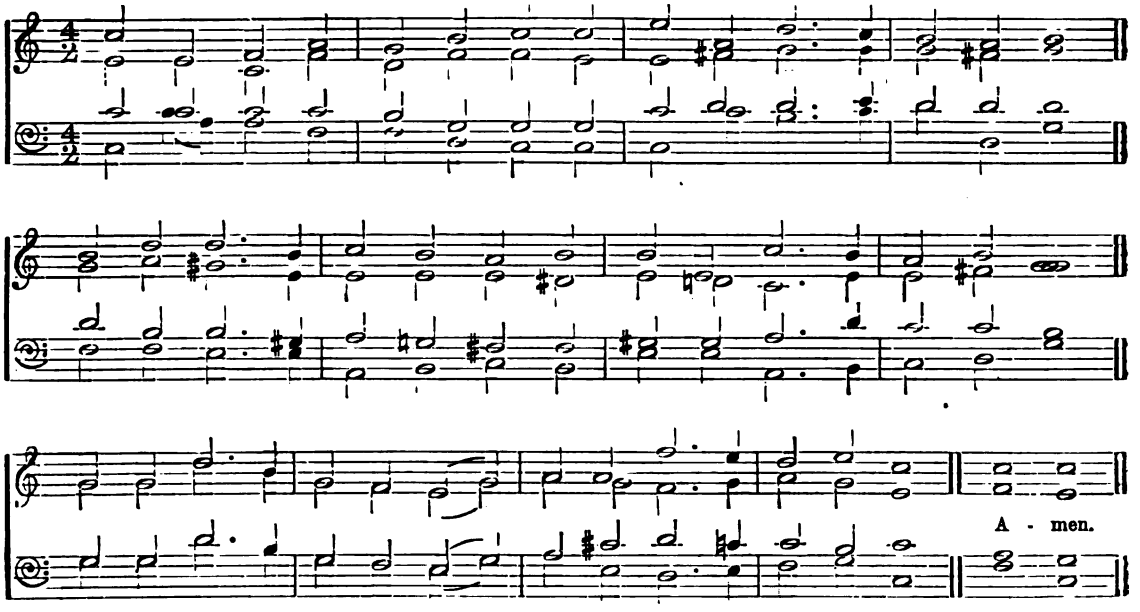
3. What do we mortals know
   That makes it not too bold
   To try to span the heights above
   And heaven behold?

4. "JESUS has lived and died—
   Risen and gone before,"
   This is the plea we raise, and then
   Humbly adore. Amen.

Processional.

FOR CATECHISM FESTIVALS.

Music by Rev. S. W. Goldsmith.



I.

Duteous praise and adoration
  Give we unto God on high,
On this glad commemoration,
  Day for joyous melody:
    Now in unison we sing,
    Praising loud our heavenly King.

II.

Low in wondrous contemplation
  We may bend before His Throne,
Giving God that veneration
  Which is His, and His alone;
    And in unison may sing,
    Praising loud our heavenly King.

III.

When the Church on earth rejoices,
  When we raise the festal strain,
Saints and angels lift their voices,
  Joining in our glad refrain:
    And in unison we sing,
    Praising loud our heavenly King

IV.

All around us in creation
  God is offered praises sweet,
Nature with glad acclamation
  Joins us in our worship meet:
    And in unison we sing,
    Praising loud our heavenly King.

V.

Thus it is by earth and heaven
  Joined as one, in one accord,
Never-ceasing praise is given
  To the One Almighty Lord.
    And in unison we sing,
    Praising loud our heavenly King.

VI.

All too feeble is the chorus
  Which we sinful mortals raise,
Yet the God who watches o er us
  Deigns to accept His children's praise,
    As in unison we sing,
    Praising loud our heavenly King.

VII.

For the blessed Incarnation
  And our Saviour's lowly birth,
For His offer of salvation
  To the dying sons of earth;
    Now in unison we sing,
    Praising loud our heavenly King.

VIII.

For His Resurrection glorious,
  And His triumph o'er the grave,
When, before the world, victorious,
  He appeared with power to save;
    Now in unison we sing,
    Praising loud our heavenly King.

IX.

Praise Him who, when He ascended,
  Sent forth One to fill His place,
Who, till earthly days are ended,
  Leads us in the paths of grace;
    Now in unison we sing,
    Praising loud our heavenly King.

X.

Praise Him for His servants blessèd,
  Who the fight of faith have won,
Those who in their lives confessèd
  All the great things God hath done:
    Now in unison we sing,
    Praising loud our heavenly King.

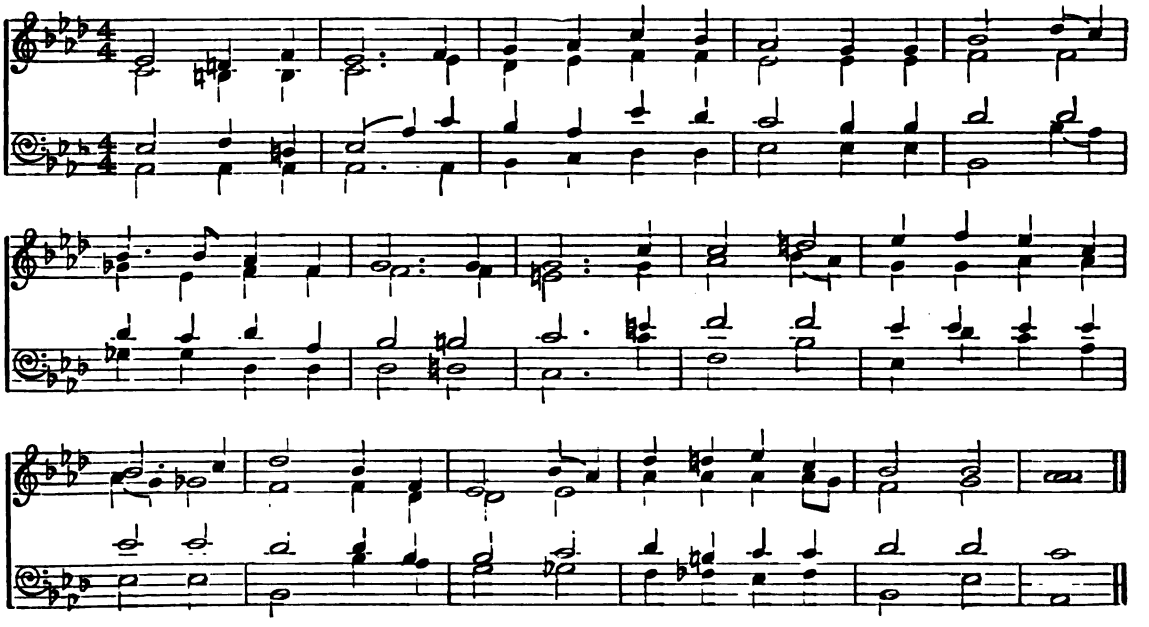
XI.

Duteous praise and adoration
  Give we unto God on high,
On this glad commemoration,
  Day for joyous melody;
    Now in unison we sing,
    Praising loud our heavenly King.

PART II.

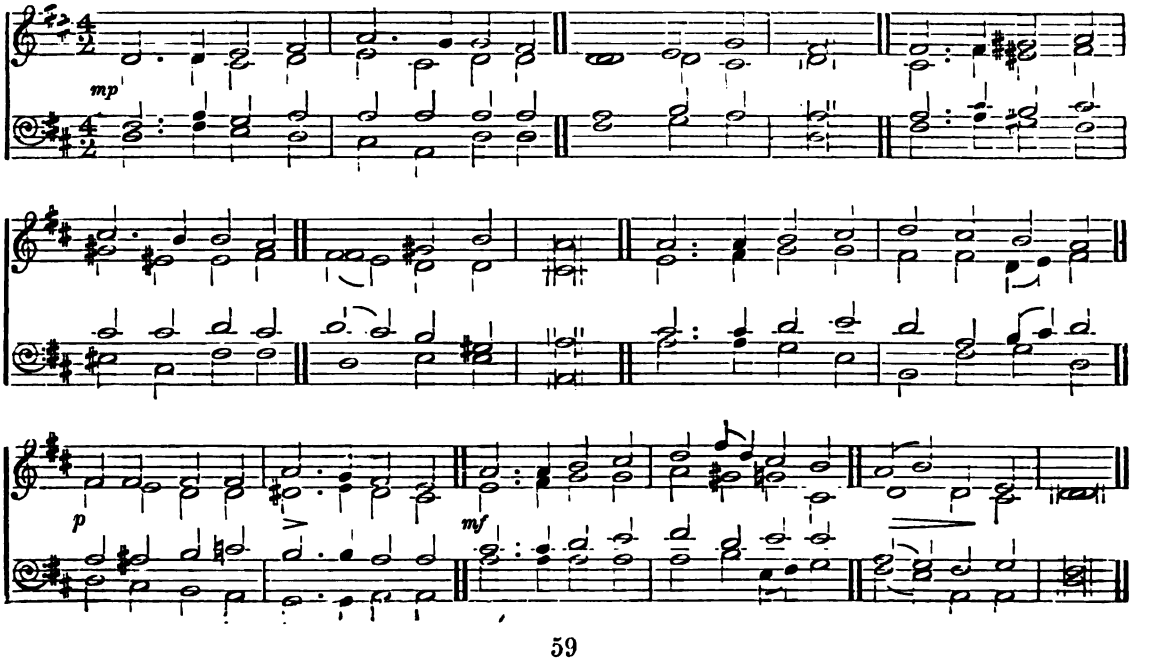
"O Strength and Stay."

Hymns A. & M., 12. Music by B. Jackson, F.R.C.O.



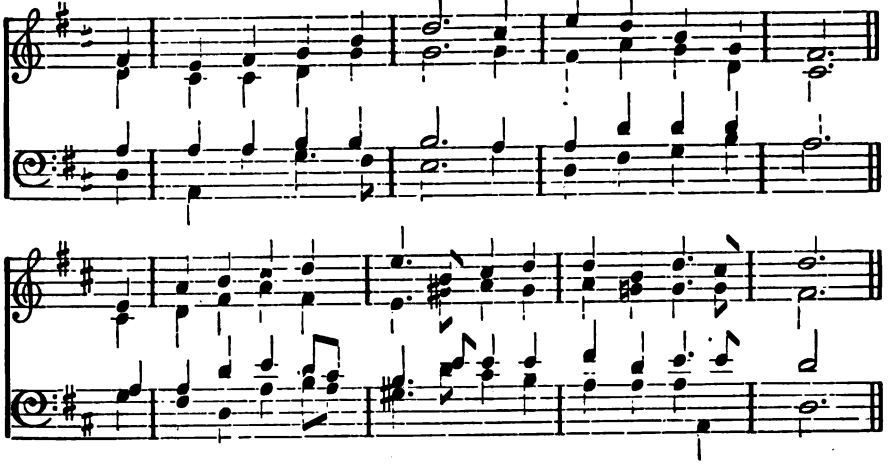
"God, that Madest Earth and Heaven."

Hymns A. & M., 26. Music by Rev. H. G. Bonavia Hunt, Mus. D.



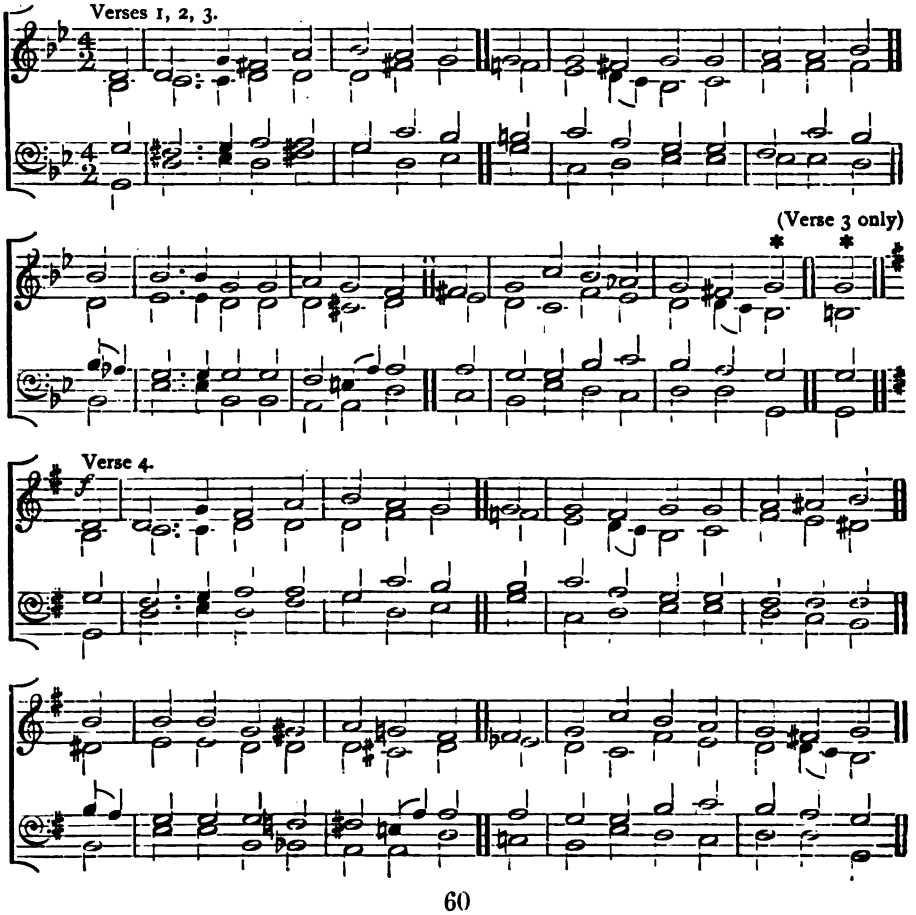
This is the Day of Light.

Hymns A. & M., 87. Rev. George Gardner, Mus.B.



When Shades of Night Around us Close.

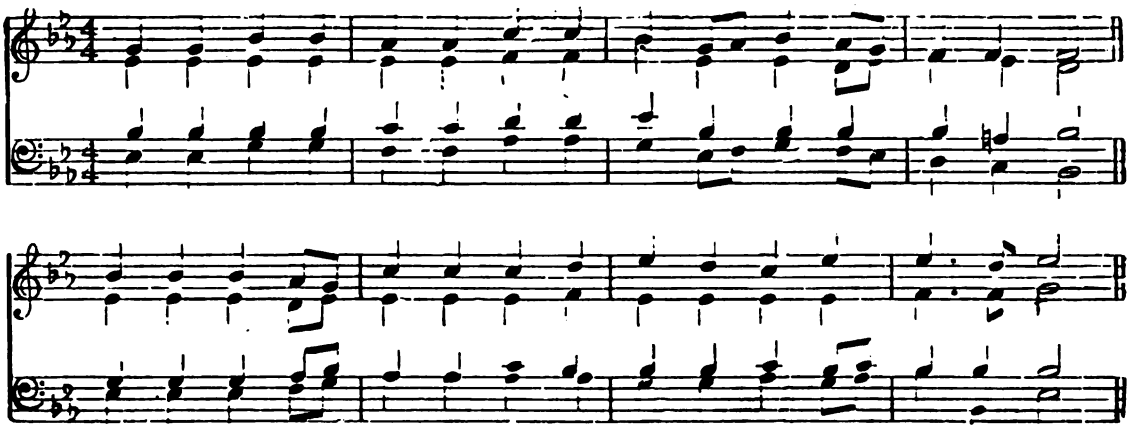
Hymns A. & M., 54. Rose Mesham, A.Mus. T.C.L.



Earth has many a Noble City.

Hymns A. & M., 76.

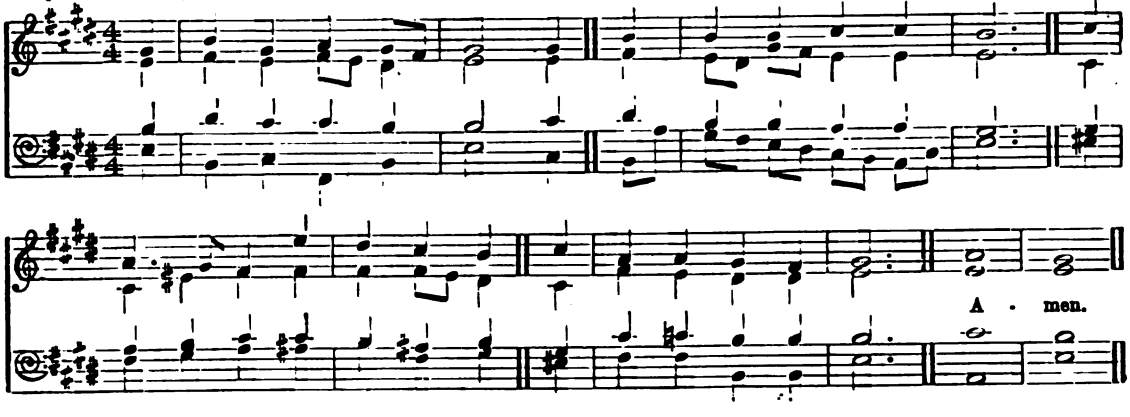
JAMES MARSH
(the Hambridge Fiddler).



"Forgive them, O My Father."

Hymns A. & M., 115.

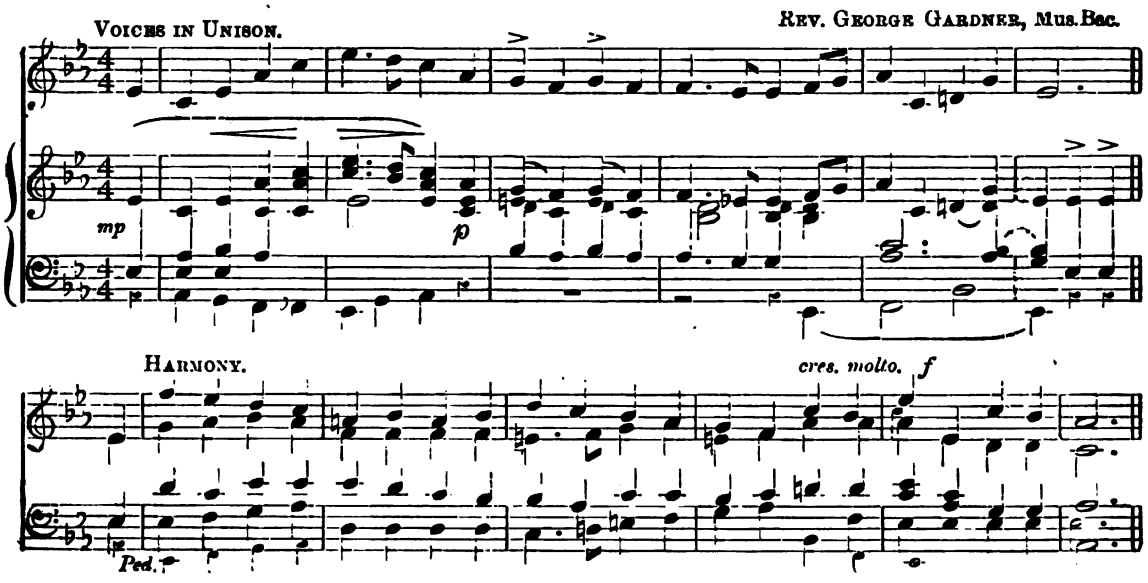
Music by FRANCIS BURGESS.



O Christ our Joy.

Hymns A. & M., 145.

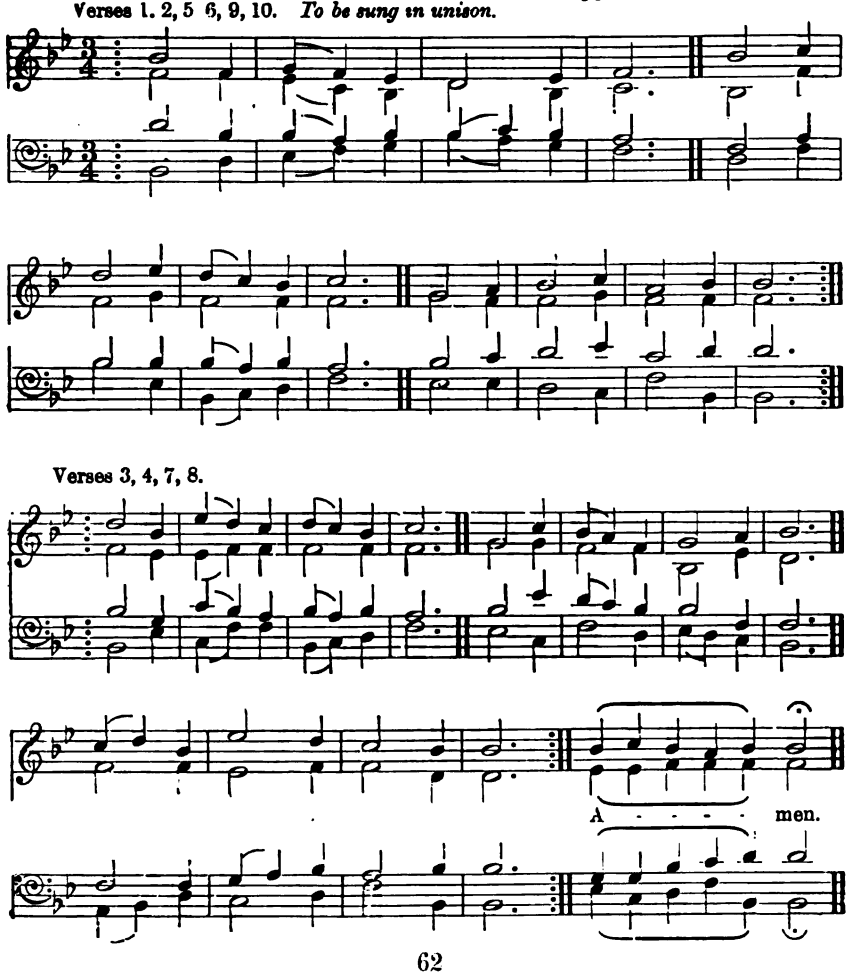
Rev. George Gardner, Mus.Bac.



Come Thou Holy Spirit come.

Hymns A & M., 156.

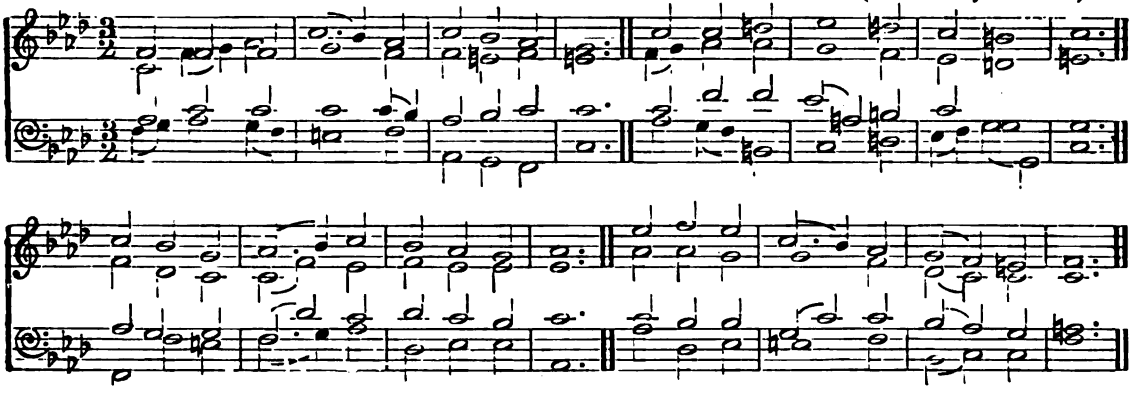
Melody from Rouen Antiphoner.



"Jesu, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts."

Hymns A. and M., 190.

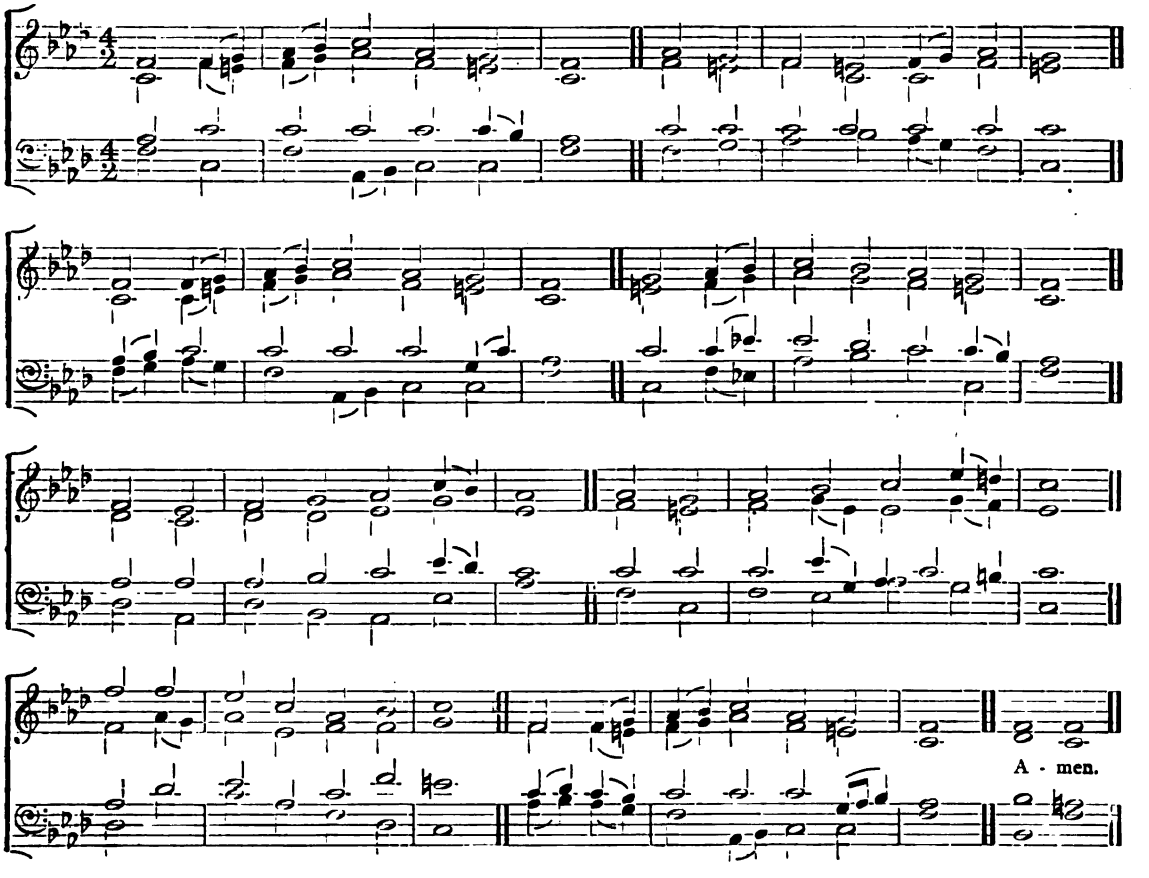
Music by M. Vulpius, 1609.
(*Harmonized by* J. S. Bach.)



Jesu, Lover of my Soul.

Hymns A. & M., 193.

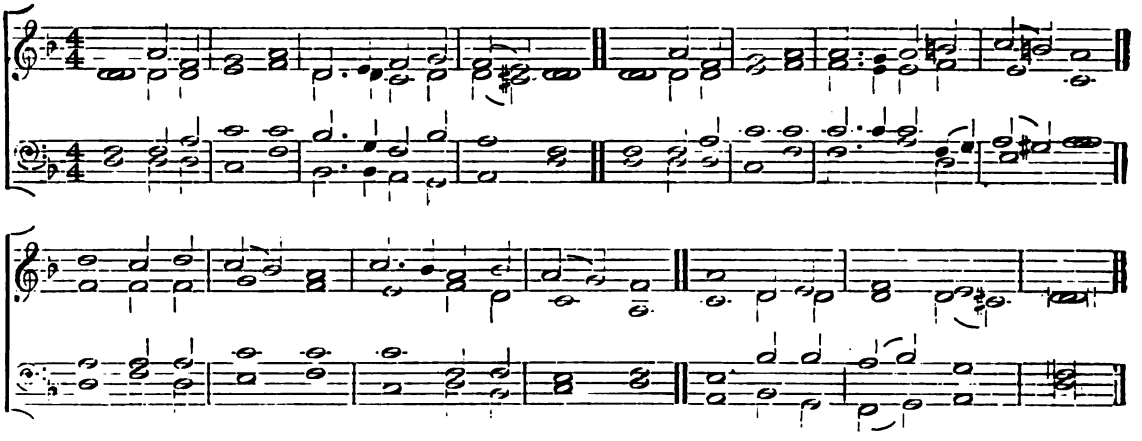
Dr. Joseph Parry.



Lord of our Life and God of our Salvation.

Hymns A. & M., 214.

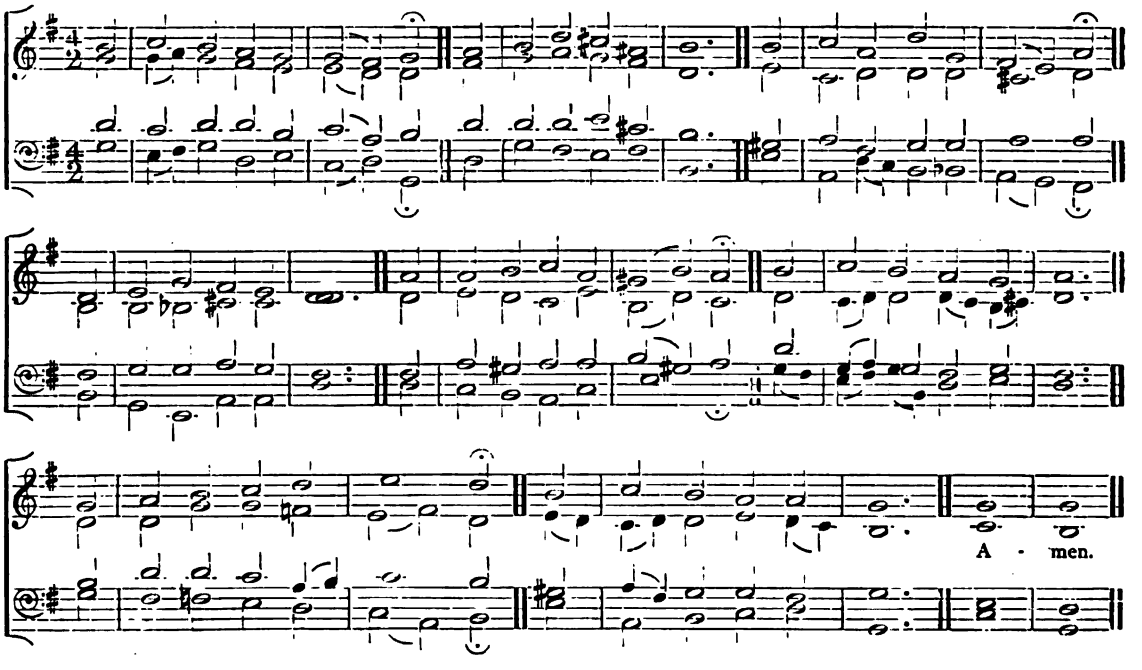
Traditional French Melody
(harmonized by Francis Burgess).



For Thee, O Dear, Dear Country.

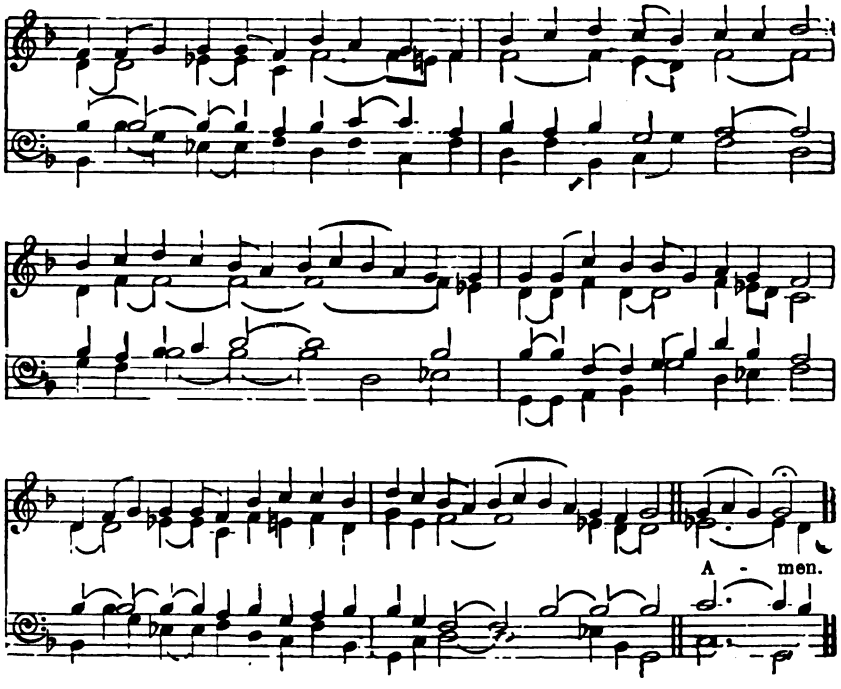
Hymns A. & M., 227.

Francis Burgess.



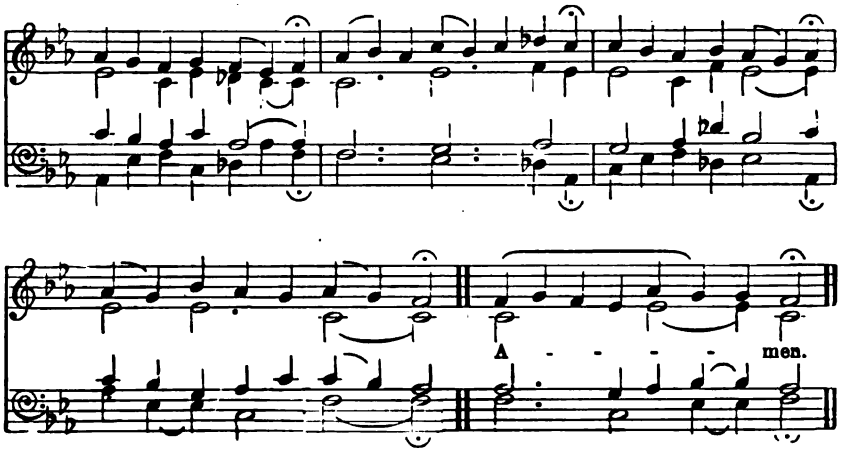
Light's Abode, Celestial Salem.

Hymns A. & M., 232. Plainchant Melody.



Lord, Thy Word Abideth.

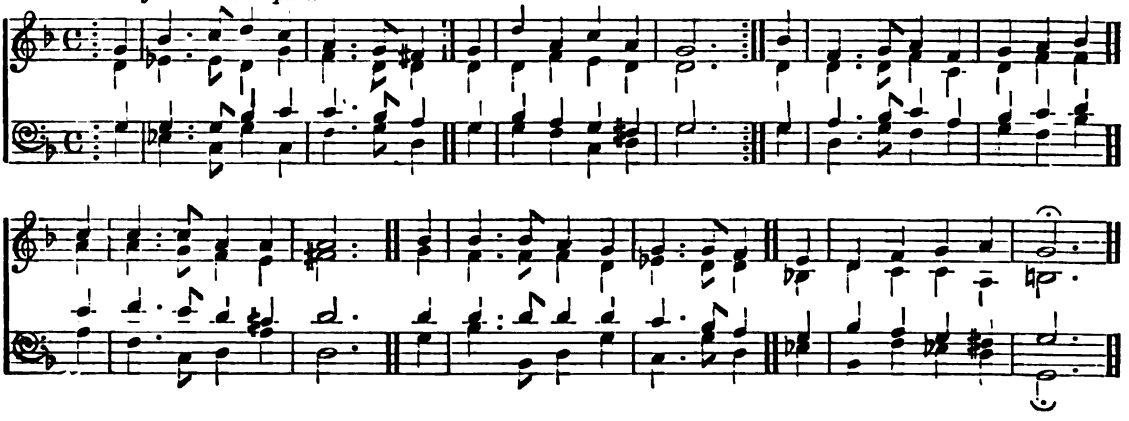
Hymns A. & M., 243. Plainchant Melody.



"Lord, when we Bend before Thy Throne."

Hymns A. and M., 244.
The Melody in the Tenor part.

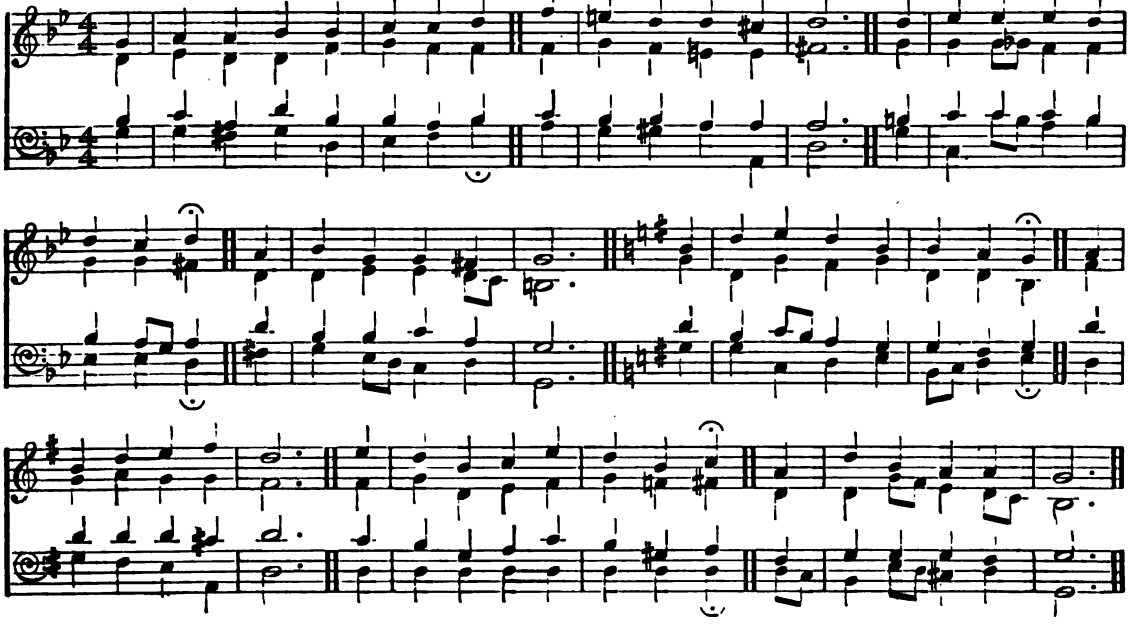
From *Gesangbuch der Böhm. Brüder*, 1566.



"I Heard the Voice of Jesus."

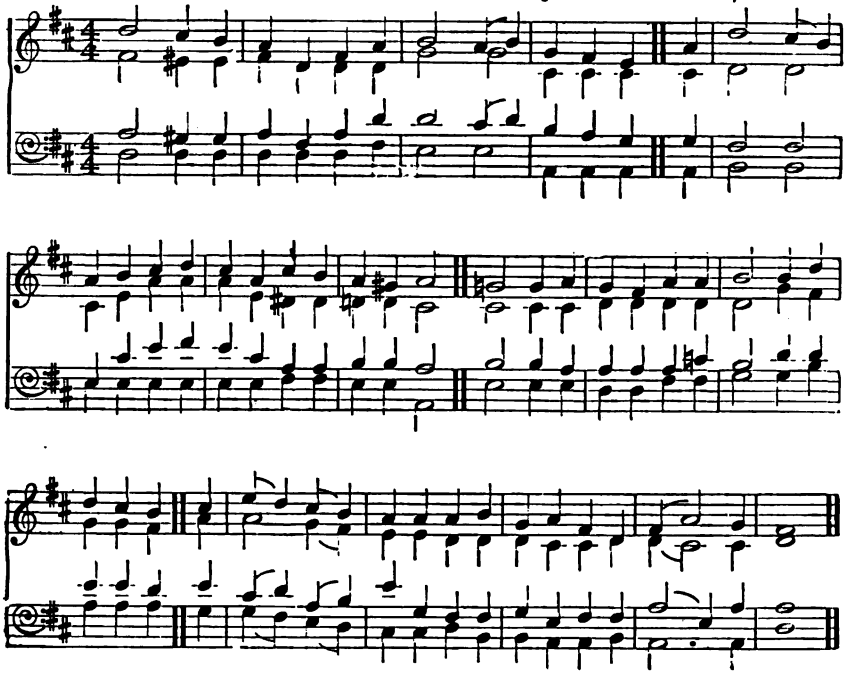
Hymns A. & M., 257.

Music by Francis Burgess.



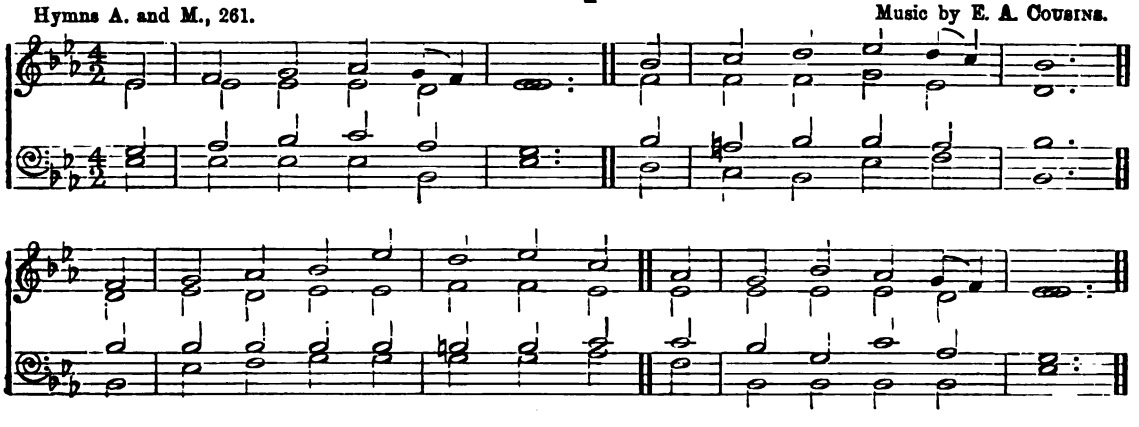
I was a wandering Sheep.

A. & M., 258. *Harmonized by* ARTHUR GOSLING, F.R.C.O.



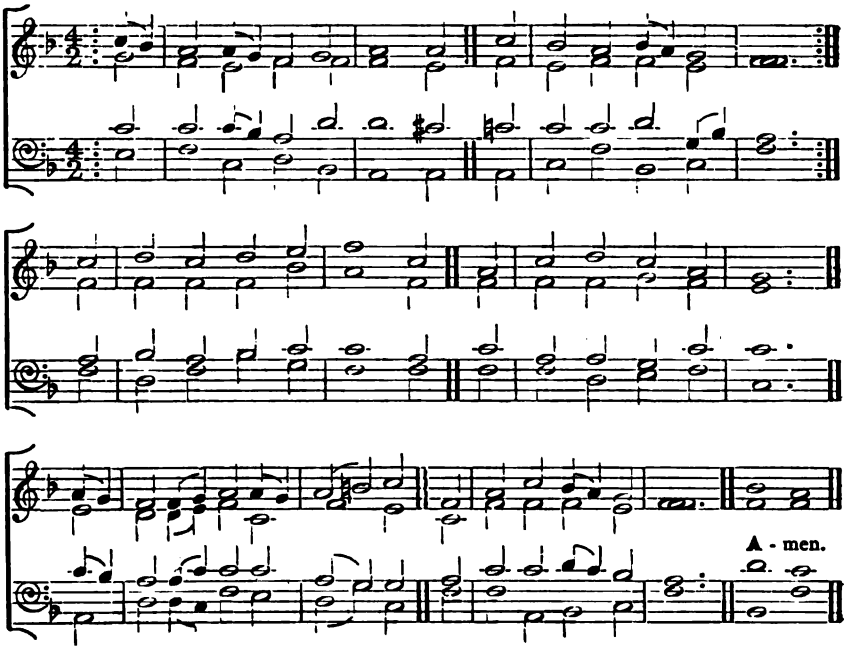
"Bless'd are the Pure in Heart."

Hymns A. and M., 261. Music by E. A. COUSINS.



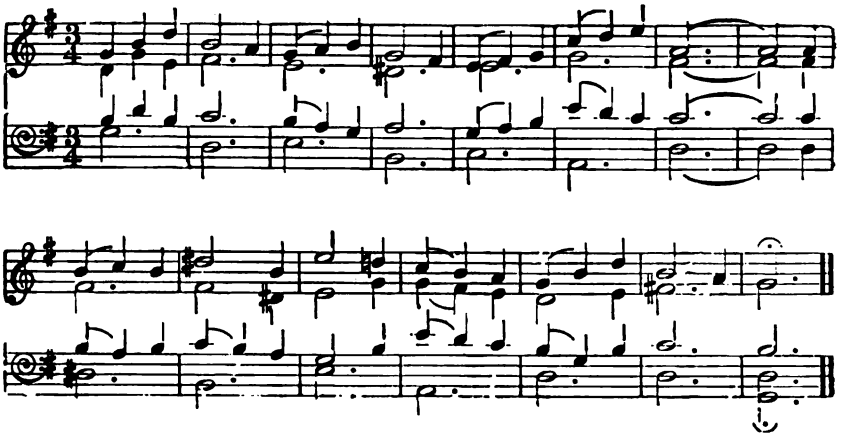
O Jesus, I have Promised.

Hymns A. & M., 271. Welsh Melody.



Come let us join our Cheerful Songs.

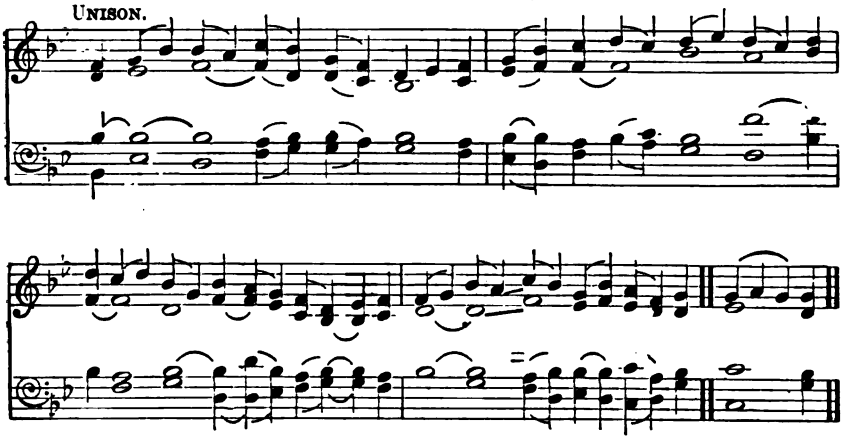
Hymns A. & M., 299 ARTHUR GOSLING.



All hail the power.

(A. & M., 300.) *Harmonized by* ARTHUR GOSLING, F.R.C.O

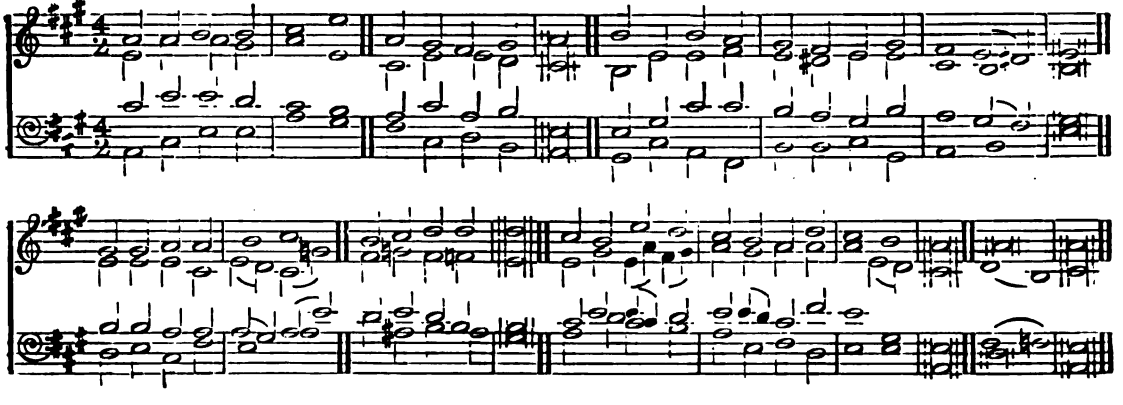
UNISON.



The Semibreves have no fixed time value.

Saviour, Blessed Saviour.

Hymns A. & M., 305. Music by T. WORSLEY STANIFORTH.



At the Name of Jesus.

A . M., 306. *Harmonized by* ARTHUR GOSLING, F.R.C.O.

Boldly.

Ped. con 8ves.

At the Name of Jesus.

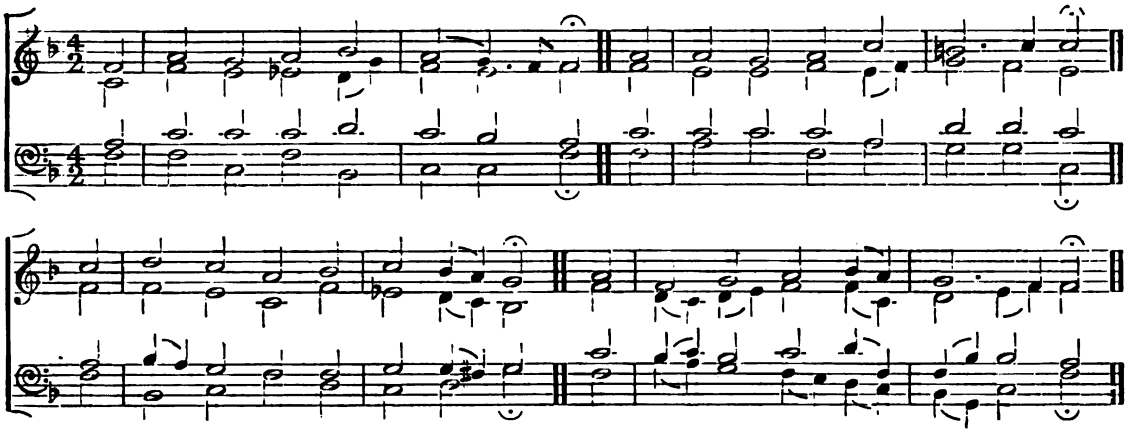
(Alternative Melody.)

ARTHUR GOSLING, F.R.C.O

O Saving Victim.

Hymns A. & M., 311.

Traditional French Melody
(harmonized by Francis Burgess).

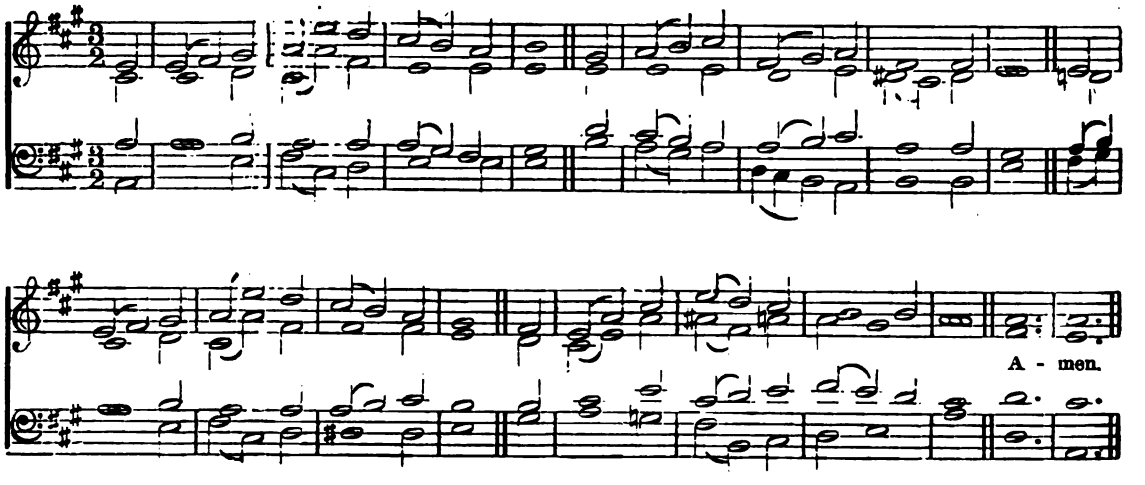


O Saving Victim.

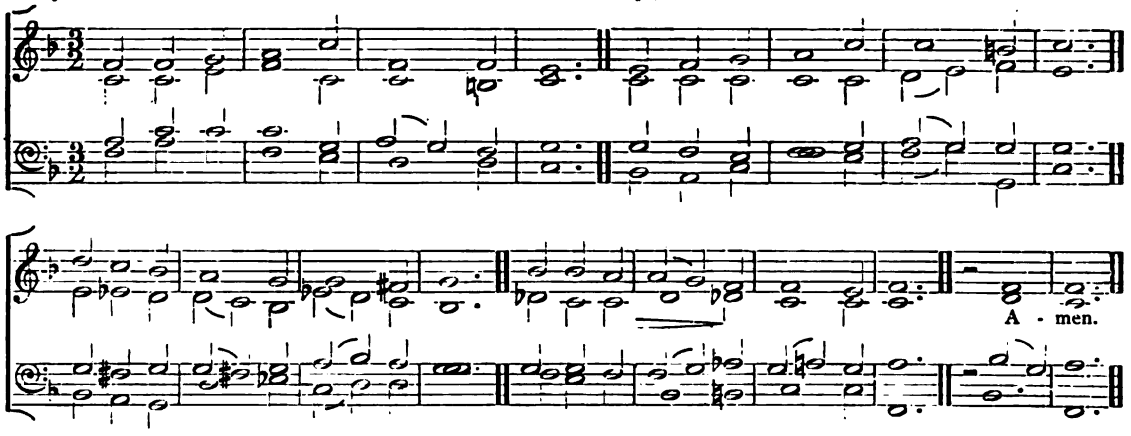
(Another Melody.)

Hymns A. & M., 311

Melody by R. T. Powell.

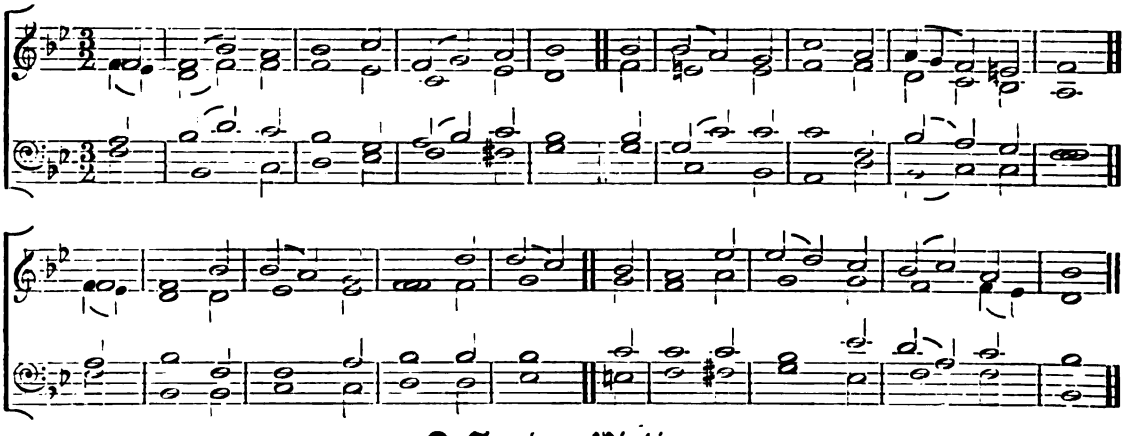


Hymns A. & M., 311. (Another Melody.) T. Worsley Staniforth.



O Saving Victim.

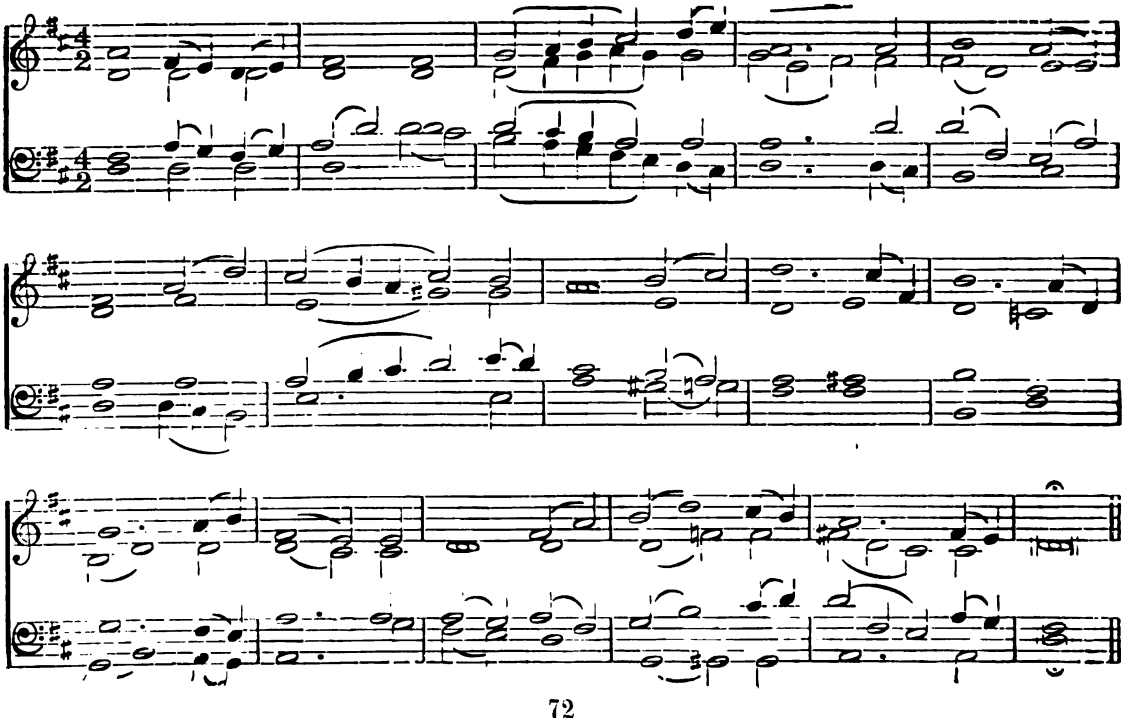
Hymns A. & M., 311. (Another Melody.) Adapted from Beethoven.



O Saving Victim.

(Another Melody.)

Hymns A. & M., 311.



"Thee we Adore."

(*Sacramental Hymn, No. 312 A. & M.*)

ALFRED REDHEAD.

Slowly.

Thee we a - dore, O hid - den Sa - viour, Thee! Who in Thy

Sa - - cra - ment dost deign to be!..... Both flesh and spi - - rit

at Thy Pres - ence fail, Yet here Thy Pres - ence we de - vout - ly hail.

The Sower went forth Sowing.

Hymns A. & M., 386.

KILBY. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. A. T. BLANCHET.

UNISON.

HARMONY.

A - men.

Small notes for Organ only.

Brightly Gleams Our Banner.

Hymn A. & M., 390. FRANCIS BURGESS

FOR TREBLE VOICES ONLY.

A - men.

Rejoice, ye Pure in Heart.

Hymns A. & M., 393. Traditional French Melody (harmonized by FRANCIS BURGESS).

Rejoice, ye Pure in Heart.

Hymns A. & M., 393. Rev. George Gardner, Mus.B.

Voices.

Organ.

Tuba or sw. reeds. *Gt.*

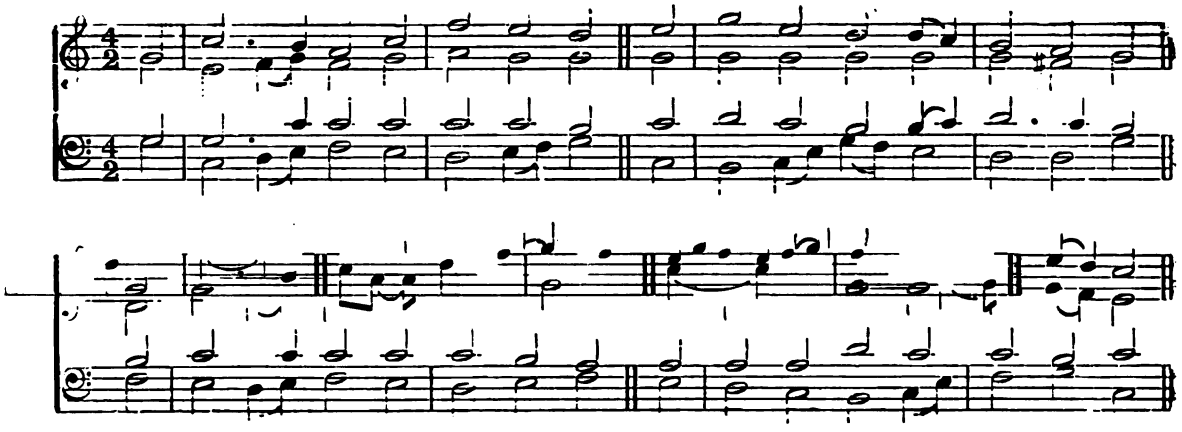
Ped.

How Oft, O Lord.

Hymns A. & M. 404. Arthur Gosling.

From out the Cloud of Amber Light.

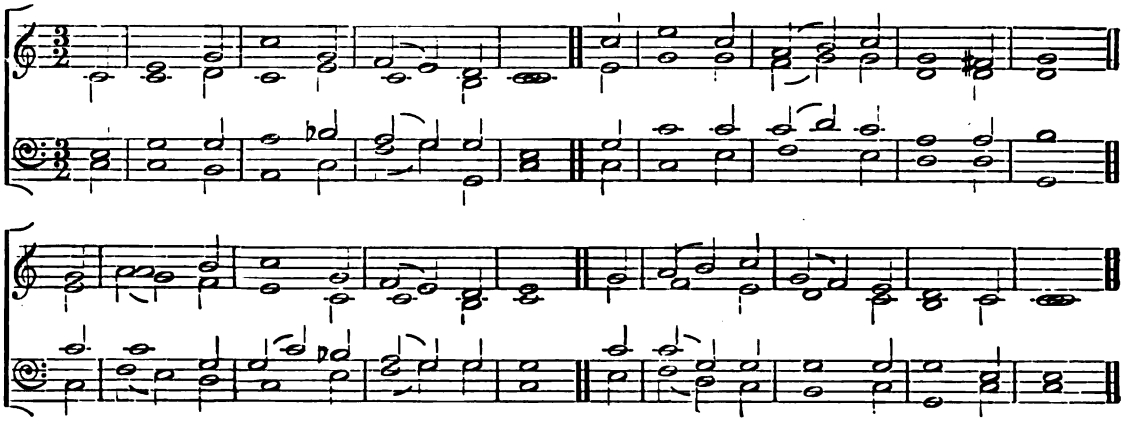
Hymns A. & M., 410



The God whom Earth and Sea and Sky.

Hymns A. & M., 449.

Traditional French Melody
(harmonized by Francis Burgess).

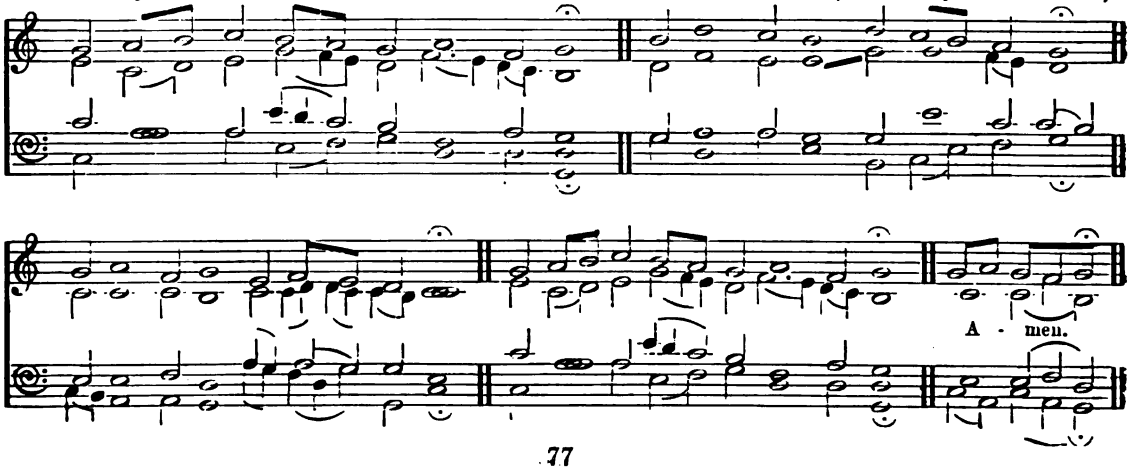


"O Lamb of God, whose Love Divine."

"Hymns A. and M.," 456

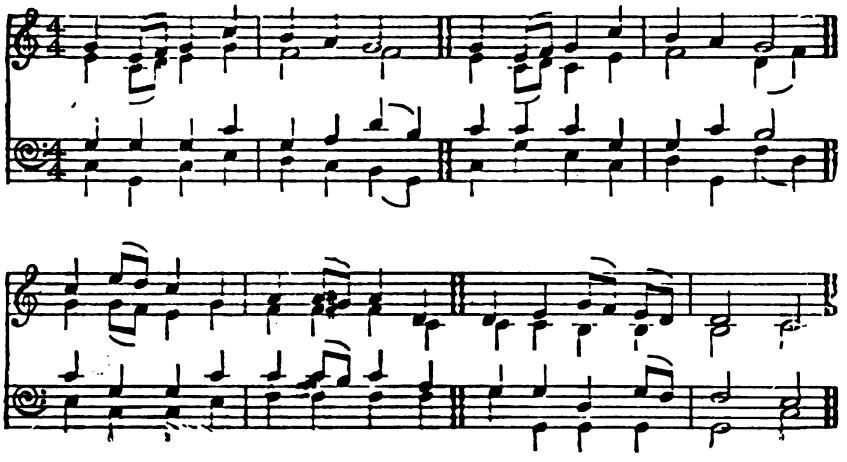
To be sung in Unison.

Plainchant Melody.
(*Harmonized by* Francis Burgess.)



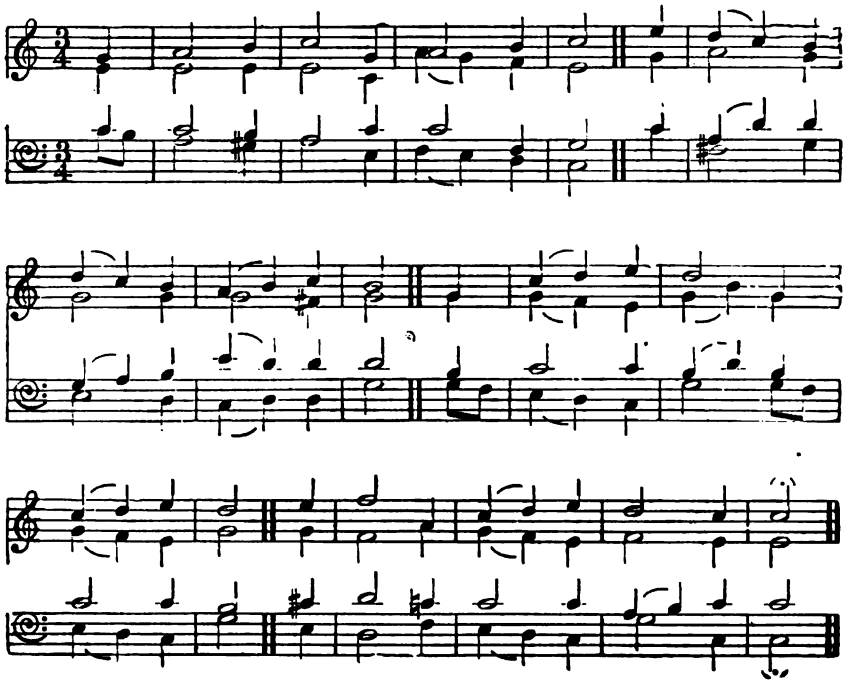
Litany for Children.

Hymns A. & M., 473 — *Adapted from* Bach.



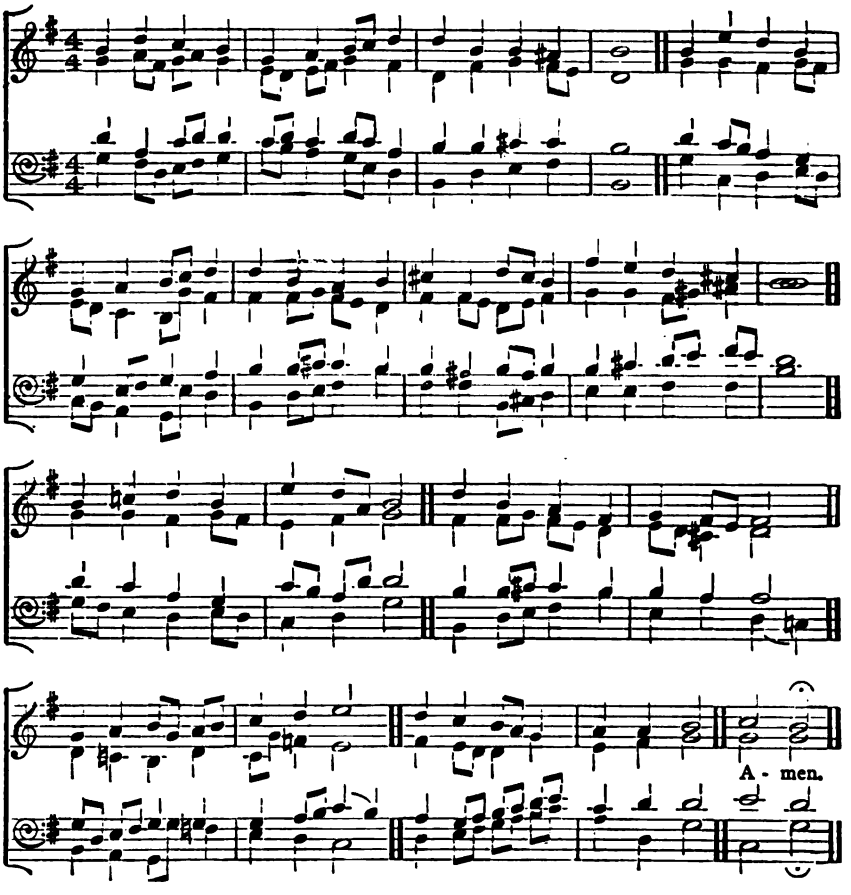
From East to West.

H. 483 A. & M. — B. Luard Selby



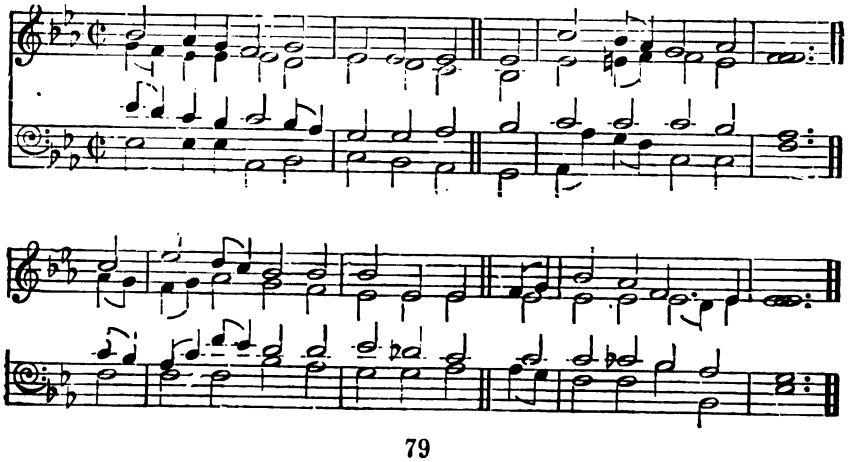
Bounteous Spirit.

Hymns A. & M., 507. FRANCIS BURGESS.



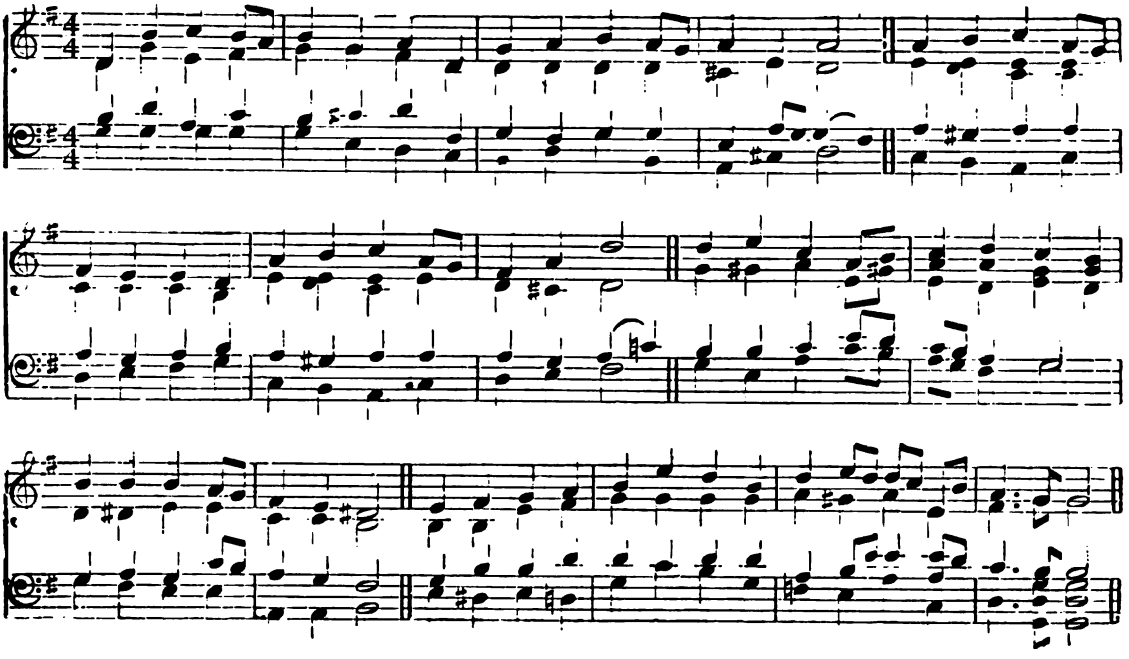
Father of Mercies.

Hymns A. & M., 531. LESTER PINCHARD.



Round the Sacred City.

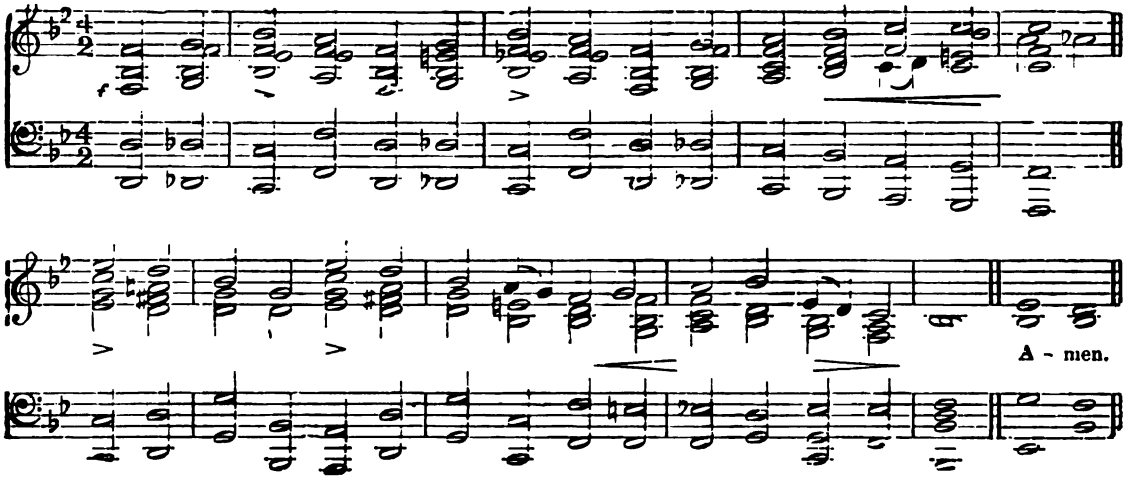
Hymns A. & M., 603.



Souls of Men.

Hymns A. & M., 634.

A. T. Blanchet.



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